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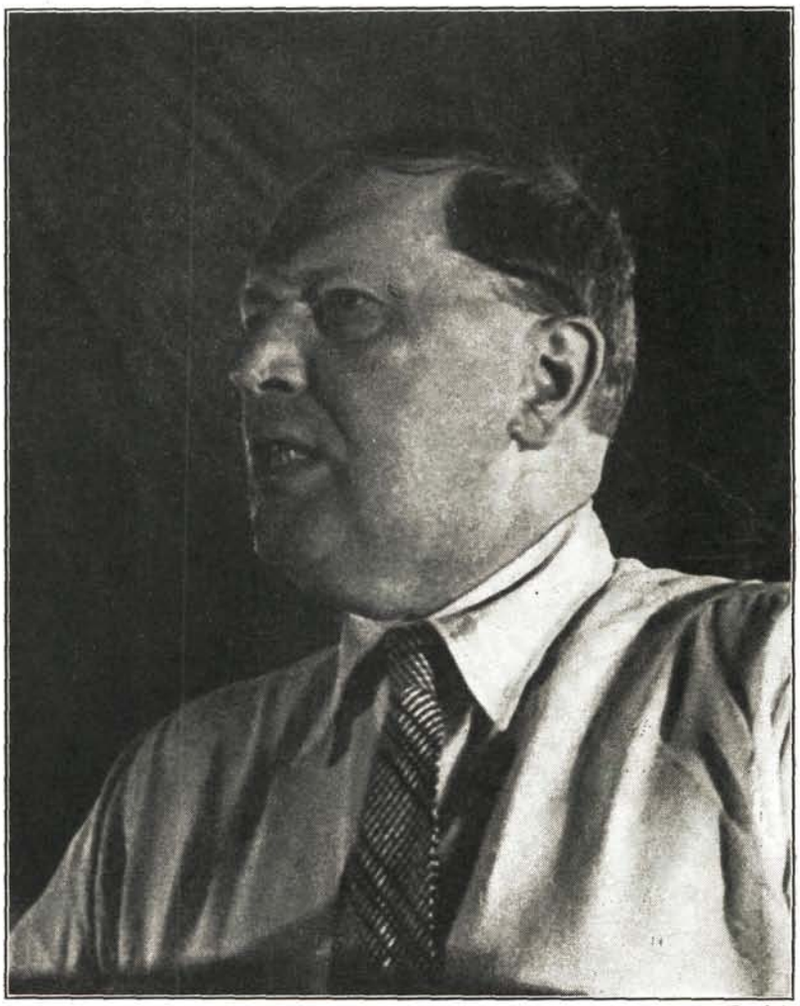

Sovfoto

ALEXEI TOLSTOI

Speaking at the Soviet Writers' Congress in 1934.

"The fact that 'Darkness and Dawn' is legally published in Soviet Russia inspires speculation. This terrific indictment of civil war obviously could not have escaped the attention of the Soviet Government" . . .

(See page 5)

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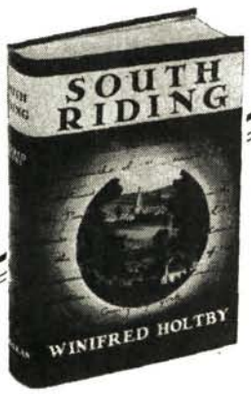

All England Swept With Enthusiastic Praise —

This page gives but a meagre sample of the unprecedented acclaim unanimously accorded by English critics for

SOUTH RIDING

by Winifred Holtby

"One of the best novels that have ever reached this committee; indeed, one of the best of this generation!"
—*Book Society News*

"One of the most fascinating novels of my lifetime."—*Harper's Bazaar*

■

"The most public-spirited novel of her generation."—*Daily Herald*

■

"A fitting valediction from one of the noblest spirits of our time."
—*Liverpool Post*

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"A memorable novel, her finest work in fiction."—*Daily Mail*

■

"It is difficult to write temperately about it."
—*Manchester Eve. Guardian*

■

"One of those rare books that had to be written."—*Daily Telegraph*

■

"Vivid, human, without a false or inconsistent line."
—*Manchester Guardian*

■

"It may be placed among the best of contemporary novels."—*Scotsman*

■

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■

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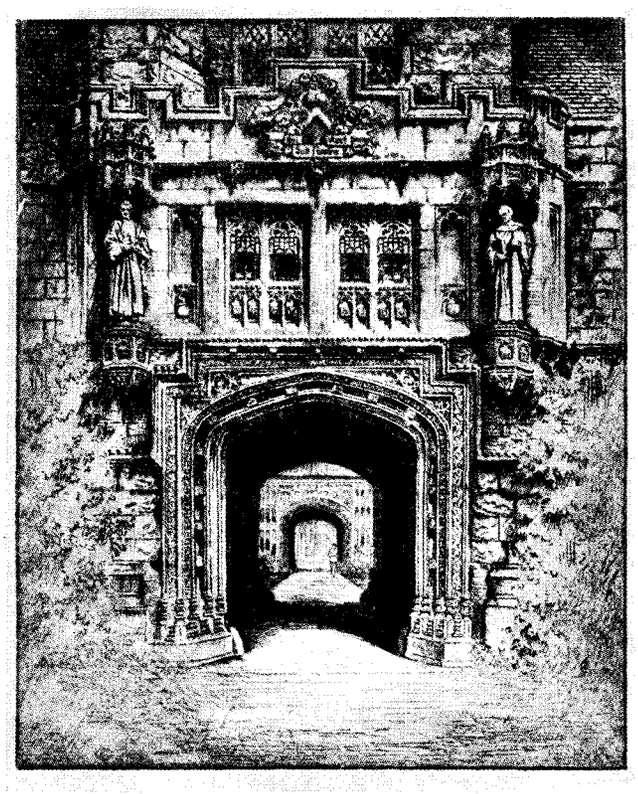
The Literary Stretch-Out

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WHEN I was an undergraduate a third of a century ago the study of literature—which has always been my chief concern—was in a curious state. We were just emerging from the text-book era, that true age of the college yes-men, when an education came like patent medicine in a bottle. You read your text-book history of literature, ticked off the examples of fine writing from Beowulf to Wordsworth, and thus were cured of illiteracy. My own professor of English, a radical of those days, had no patience with such bottlings of the Pierian spring. It was he who first introduced the collected editions of the authors we were to study. If it was Chaucer we got all Chaucer, if Dryden, all Dryden. Since few academically minded persons in that era regarded fiction as literature, the problem of a complete Trollope or Scott did not present itself. We labored chiefly in the poets and hence came to class with volumes unselected and unexpurgated, and that was why I read, in lecture and out of lecture, not wisely of the texts assigned, but well and deeply in search of a powerful literature that could intoxicate my virgin mind; and so failed of a high mark stand even in the subject I loved best.



"In my day the library was a haunt for recluses. . . Now it has become indeed a university." The Princeton library, by G. A. Bradshaw, from "Fine Prints of the Year," 1935."

I have not seen mention for years of the famous essay on the literature of knowledge versus the literature of power which then was the text of every introductory lecture on English literature. Indeed, among those of a literary inclination in my day, it was never out of mind. For us the literature of knowledge was what we got in the classroom, the literature of power was what we sought for ourselves. The one we gleaned for facts and allusions likely to reappear upon examination papers; the other we read at midnight with youth's insatiable craving to be lifted and stirred. This was not precisely the definition that the critic had laid down for us, but thus we understood it for our own uses. In my earliest college memories Carlyle was our man, a Carlyle not yet crucified upon Freshman English. But already Carlyle was becoming too Scotch for the terse American mind. That introspection of our pre-Civil War culture, which had produced a healthier than Carlyle in Thoreau, had subsided by the end of the century into a Yankee practicality susceptible to romance and to mysticism, but repelled by the thumpings and roarings of that genius with the migraine who thought that he could stop the industrial revolution with words.

Those of us who read for power went elsewhere, unfortunately never to the Americans, who then were regarded as mere colonials by the academic world, upstarts who had never been blessed by Oxford, Heidelberg, or the Sorbonne. Whitman was a rowdy, Thoreau a nature writer, Emerson an imitation, Hawthorne a juvenile, Poe a jingle man. We were denied our own tradition in the class room and few of us found it for ourselves. So we turned to Matthew Arnold and to Keats. Arnold for his moral protests against a society organized, as ours so clearly seemed to be, for profits and for sport; Keats for the intensification of emotion which was so lacking in the wash of sentiment that then flowed from the football field out and over politics and business, so that a college cheer, "God bless our Home," and "the full dinner pail" fairly represented the folk poetry of the nation.

But Arnold, as we grew older, began to miss on more and more cylinders. It was not that he was untrue; no, he dealt in the wrong kind of truth. His was the ethics of a civilization that could produce its Ruskins and its Brownings and its Lowells upon an unearned increment. Unfortunately in our America on the move, and soon to be on wheels, everyone wanted his share of the increment. Economic opportunity produced a new society here which, a quarter of a century ahead of Europe, was breaking up the old stabilities. The high seriousness of Arnold implied an aristocratic detachment from the struggle which a member of a governing class could readily afford; but there was no governing class in America. We were not a system, but a laboratory. We did not understand ourselves, and for a better understanding could not look back to Greece or feudal England, for, even while we looked, the past became sheer romance. Our equalitarian society, in which a drilled well or a new process in steel created economic inequalities of unprecedented magnitude with no corresponding inequality of responsibility, was unprecedented in history. All that the great Hindus, great Hebrews, and great Greeks had said was still true; but earlier, far earlier than Europe, though by instinct rather than by clear perception, we knew that there was not truth enough in it to solve our immediate problems. It was well

Next Week

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

Feature articles by Francis Hackett and Pearl S. Buck.

A new poem by Stephen Vincent Benét.

Reviews by Elmer Davis, Marie Ahnighito Perry, Gilbert Chinard, and others.

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enough to talk of Nirvana, but Nirvana was no panacea for the hot-footed multitudes just turning back from a closed frontier. The only conclusion we could have drawn from Arnold for our local problems was a principle of Fascism, for nothing short of Fascism would have forced our progress by exploitation into his mould of a state governed by character for the welfare of the intellectually best. But against such a pre-Fascism we were conditioned by our democratic experience which, if romantic in its premises, was still realistic in its results.

Keats also failed us in our search for power over the heart. To the young men and young women of the 1930s the number of sensitive young Americans who went about their business at the turn of the century with Keats on their lips, or that diluted Keats shot through with Arnoldian ethics, Tennyson, would surely seem incredible. It must seem incredible to them, because the effect of all that exalted romanticizing, whether upon race or upon the environment it has since shaped for itself, is so palpably nil. And indeed our enthusiasm for Keats was as ill-timed as it was sincere. The eternal values of such romantic poetry remain, but it could mean no more than the exaltation of escape for *fin de siècle* America. Keats himself, as is too easily forgotten, was a burst of the ego released from the powerful ordering of an eighteenth century shattered by the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and the beginnings of industrialism. But we Americans were moving with the inevitability of history toward a new ordering, a revolution which would control instead of release. Our romantic period had gone with the frontier. Whitman not Keats had been its prophet. Our romanticism, as the feeble historical novels we read too clearly proved, was only a longing of the weak for the irrecoverable. Keats was an antidote for the poison of our flabby sentiment. Socially speaking, that was all. It would be a century before we could be ready for another synthesis of beauty, and that beauty would have elements as discordant with the dreams of idyllic Greece or the Middle Ages, as the dissonance of modern music with the simple Concords of Palestrina. Blake, whom we scarcely knew, was far closer to us than Keats.

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land—

Jerusalem, city of equality in the sight of God, to be rebuilt among dark Satanic mills!

I make no prophecy as to where the literature of power is to be found by the new generation of young Americans, but I do assert that the way is even more difficult for them than for us—nor do the colleges help to smooth the path. The literature of power—if I may be allowed to be paradoxical—now seems to be taught in the colleges for purposes of information, while the seekers for power find it in what in my day would have been called books of fact and argument that lie usually entirely outside the college curriculum.

To the old text-book system, and to the education by the books themselves to which I owe what little first-hand discoveries I made on my own, has succeeded in our best universities a new system (I speak by hearsay rather than direct knowledge) which seems to me almost ideally bad for the purposes of the inquiring and sensitive mind. Power has been capitalized for purposes of forced consumption. Saul slew his thousands, for indeed in my unintellectual generation there were only thousands to slay. But this new David has slain his ten thousands and these of the best, by a system which, however right in origin, makes our feeble wanderings in search of a culture a blessing by comparison.

In my day the library was a haunt for recluses, guarded by bookkeepers who fiercely resented any attempt to empty their orderly shelves. Now it has become indeed a university, where work must be done if it is done at all. A good degree may be said to be dependent upon getting the right books at the right time and reading enough of them. A happy reform gave us books to peruse instead of excerpts, but the modern student is presented with a library and told to read that. The principle is sound. Education is not precept but experience. No golden-tongued lecturer can compete in results with the mind's own adventures among the books which record the complexity of knowledge, the diversity of human opinion, the contradictoriness of beliefs and of tastes. But being Americans and hence democratic and Puritan at heart, we were not content with substituting adventure for discipline. It was not enough to send the eager and the sluggard alike to the ant hill to work out their salvation. We must needs make the process efficient, which in American terms meant that the average return on the investment must be made satisfactory. The eager would work without prodding. It was the sluggard that troubled us. The text-book was unbluffable if not uncrammable, but a library to report upon! —the possibilities of bluffage and leakage were appalling to all who believed that the first duty of the college was to see that every one passed. So they thought of the speed-up.

Here again, as so often before, education in the humanities has shown its susceptibility to the triumphant successes of applied science. In the speed-up the calculation is based upon the capabilities of the average man. The gauge is that velocity which keeps him working as hard as he will work. Faster, and you lose him, slower, and he cheats you of energy that you have bought. But why elaborate. We have all seen Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times," and indeed as I watched that parody I found more symbolism in his Panic revolt among the machines than in the class-conscious drama of Broadway.

Now the speed-up is ideally adapted to the acquisition of knowledge. For knowledge is testable, examinable. There is a great deal of it, and every hour missed is an absolute loss, for never never can we catch up with the grand total which the moving

(*Continued on page* 14)

Two Poems

By WILFRID GIBSON

He Sees Her Everywhere . . .

HE sees her everywhere, though she has gone
Beyond the sight of eyes—the wet sea-tangle
Has amber lights and lustres of her hair,
The dazzle of dancing waters, the sun-spangle
Of morning tides, her brightness, the wild swan,
Sea-mirrored, her grace and poise in its wave-riding,
The gannet, dropping sheerly from the air,
Instant to seize the arrowing gleam that burns
In the dark tide, her eager spirit's darting
To seize the glancing moment—the seal that turns
Dark eyes on him, beside his currach gliding,
Looks on him with her eyes at the hour of parting.

In Piccadilly Circus

All men my brothers? I must love all these?
'T will take some doing: but what must, must be . . .
Though God preserve me if, in their turn, they
Should all start loving me!

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Street Scenes of Revolution

DARKNESS AND DAWN. By Alexei Tolstoi. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

ALEXEI TOLSTOI, not related to the great Leo, is one of the most gifted of contemporary Russian novelists. He is a distant relative of his namesake, the poet Alexei Tolstoi (1817-75), author of the famous trilogy "Death of Ivan the Terrible," "Czar Fedor Ivanovitch," and "Boris Godounov." He follows the tradition of his distinguished kinsman in making use of historic material in his novels.

"Darkness and Dawn" begins with a brief description of the political and social atmosphere in Moscow and Petrograd in the early months of 1914. It then moves on to the declaration of war, mobilization, the inefficiency of the Czarist government in the prosecution of the war, popular discontent, the February revolution, the abdication of Nicholas II, the second—Bolshevik—revolution, and the consequent civil war. These catastrophic events in the life of the Russian nation are revealed in big street scenes. They are visualized, but thrown on the canvas without any comment.

It is a powerful and realistic portrayal of the period, though completely lacking in internal history. The Provisional Government of 1917 and the Constituent Assembly are not even mentioned. Political or economic discussion is conspicuously absent. At a time when the world was aflame with new ideas and Russia very nearly talked herself to perdition we are presented with a group of Russians whose outstanding characteristic in regard to the inner life of their country is silence. Telegin, the hero, is a metallurgical engineer, a clean, healthy, hard working "bourgeois" when we first meet him; a liberal and presumably in accord with those who want to remove the stupidly decadent autocracy. But all this is merely implied. Telegin himself is curiously uncommunicative. Later, in 1918, he joins the Bolshevik ranks as an officer and performs notable deeds, but remains inarticulate regarding the issues that are tearing his homeland asunder. Katia and Dasha Bulavin are addicted to understatement. Most remarkable of all, for a Russian and a Don Juan poet, Bessonov is a man of very few words indeed. Incidentally, he is supposed to be the reincarnation of a well-known Russian poet who died a few years ago, but he somehow does not come to life, and is lost in the silences.

The conditions under which "Darkness and Dawn" was created may account for much of the author's reticence. Book One was written in Western Europe in 1921 when the entire Russian scene was still too intimate and overwhelming. The book appeared serially under the title "Treading the Inferno" in *Contemporary Annals*, an anti-Bolshevik literary magazine published in Paris. There the present reviewer read it. Later, Alexei Tolstoi returned to Russia where he wrote "1918," the second part of the novel, and considerably revised the first part. It was then published in Russia under the original title.

The revision made the book acceptable to the censor, but it did not improve it artistically. On the contrary, those characters which were not rounded in the first place are now still flatter. In Book Two they are left entirely to their own devices. The author returns to his street scenes; these are the body and heart of the novel and presumably ever so much less hazardous than discussion of political and social principles. It is what Telegin and Dasha see, not what they say, that matters. To be sure, they occasionally see the censor, but that is not serious. The author knows how to dodge him. He throws the censor a few names and a phrase here and there and continues with his portrait of chaos and revolution.

There we get a devastating symphony in which the occurrences leading to the October revolution are merely a prelude. The pages depicting the three years of world war and the first "bloodless revolution" gather momentum as they develop. Then the whole breaks into a crescendo with the Bolshevik revolution and the resultant civil carnage. "1918" is an overpowering news reel. It makes the preceding pages of 1914 to 1918 sylvan by comparison. No one, no matter how revolutionary-minded, or well acquainted with the Russian literature of that period, will fail to be deeply moved by it.

Tolstoi makes civil war hateful. The absence of any statement of principles, any indication as to what it is all about, only intensifies the horror of the situation. Brothers are at one another's throats, women are violated, the country is drowning in its own blood, and no one seems to know the objective. Lenin is mentioned only once. But Dasha who heard him speak does not report what he said. The nearest thing to a program is made by Rublov who was a worker in Telegin's factory. He shouts "Comrades, the revolution is in danger." And then, "Understand . . . in six months we shall have done away forever with the greatest evil . . . with money itself. There will be no hunger, no poverty, no humiliation . . . You will be able to take anything you need from the common store . . . Comrades, we will use gold to build public lavatories." This is scarcely a creed justifying a civil war. It merely adds color to this unforgettable canvas of chaos and bloodshed.

Nor is Telegin's own hopefulness as expressed in Book One, at the beginning of the October revolution, couched in Bolshevik terms. He reads to Dasha pages from Russian history describing the devastation of Russia three hundred years ago by various invasions.

> They (the Russian people) bowed to the Crimea, to the Lithuanians, to the Swedes. They guarded the faith. They knew that there is only one force: a people at times thievish, but a strong, a wideawake, a nimble people. They hoped that they would survive by patience and they did survive. And once again the empty places overgrown with weeds began to be peopled.

With this message from ancient Russia, the hero Telegin closes the book and makes ready to face the inevitable.

The fact that "Darkness and Dawn" is legally published in Soviet Russia inspires speculation. This terrific indictment of civil war obviously could not have escaped the attention of the Soviet

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STREET SCENE: *From the Soviet film, "Ten Days that Shook the World."*

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Government. World revolution is still a part of Communist dogma. It is the most specific item on the agenda of the Third International. But no government would permit the feeding of its fighting army with pacifist literature, and this is precisely what the Soviet Government is doing in the case of the present book. Is it possible that the Soviet régime means to abandon the principle of world revolution? Or is the book meant for home consumption? Having intrenched themselves, the Communist rulers now hasten to point out to the Russian people the horrors of the civil war. "Darkness and Dawn" is a powerful book very much worth reading.

Manya Gordon is a Russian by birth though she has long been a resident of this country. She has been in active touch with Russian affairs ever since the outbreak of the Revolution and comes of a family which long before the World War took a prominent part in the revolutionary movement.

Harried Human Beings

UNCOMMON PEOPLE. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MISS HULL knows quite a bit about human beings. She is also quite adroit in the medium of the short story. There is a magaziny tinge to some of them—all but one have appeared in magazines and half of them in the wealthier "slicks," but there is one story so harsh with real life that apparently no magazine would print it. It is called "Younger Sister." I like it best of all these tales.

"Clay-Shuttered Doors" has been praised as a psychic story. While done certainly with skill above the average it held no surprise for me, nor did I really believe it. "A Reluctant Hero," on the other hand, I found rather memorably ironical. "Common Sense" is another story something on this order. How much the woman is to blame in most of Miss Hull's stories! Only in "His Sacred Family," a strong presentation of an old situation, does the man really turn out the worse. And that example is counterbalanced by the delightful prodigal father of "Grasshopper's Dividends."

"New Pioneer" is a healthy story of young people of today who are taking their lives in their own hands; but "Mainstay" is just the old story of the family who didn't know how much mother did for them until she gave herself a vacation. The title story seems to me too sententious for its actual weight and "World's Wildfire," at the end, is a married couple's wrangle in which I didn't feel nearly as sympathetic with the husband as the author wished me to. Miss Hull is an astute enough writer to be willing always to put forth her full mental powers. But sometimes she doesn't!

A Fine Last Novel

SOUTH RIDING. By Winifred Holtby. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THOSE who, having read "Mandoa, Mandoa," heard with a pang of the untimely death of Miss Holtby will feel their regret intensified by this novel. For "South Riding" is evidence not only of an ability that is distinguished but of a personality at once vibrant and compassionate. Few novelists of this sore-

WINIFRED HOLTBY

ly tried time have achieved Miss Holtby's breadth of vision; having taken count of the painful business of living have so valiantly held to a faith in the dignity of life. It is as though the foreknowledge of death had dissolved her world into a reconciliation between the bitter toll of daily existence and the meager rewards of a difficult endurance. There are pity and sternness and indignation in her book, and, always, understanding and sympathy. And there is, too, that mordant humor which is akin to satire except that it has nothing of the derisive about it. "South Riding" is a fine book and a moving and a wise one.

As for the story, that is focussed about English county government and its workings, matters, to be sure, extremely local in concern but as presented by Miss Holtby, woven into the web of human relationships, serving as a unifying background for the incidents of the tale. The novel, indeed, is panoramic in scope, depicting a group of communities through the medium of its inhabitants in various walks of life,—the several aldermen, a minister, countrymen, an inn keeper and his wife, children, the poor, the well-to-do, the ne'er-do-wells.

Above all, however, it is the tale of Robert Carne, deep-dyed conservative and farmer sprung of good stock, of Sarah Burton who loved him with the singleness of devotion that he held for his insane wife, and of Alderman Mrs. Beddows who felt toward him as toward a son, yet despite her seventy years knew jealousy of his affection for others. The play of their personal relations, intertwined with their contacts with their townsmen, and cut through by the incidents of political life, carries the narrative along with unfaltering interest to its conclusion in the death of Carne and the slow emergence of Sarah from despair.

But Carne's death does not come until Miss Holtby has had a chance to present not only a cross-section of English life but a love story well-articulated, carefully balanced, and convincingly shaped. The clash of temperaments between Sarah, liberal and energetic as she shows herself in her teaching, and Carne whose conservative views bring him into conflict with her through the school board, his absorption in the wife who is as hopelessly lost to him as though she had died and Sarah's passion which dares all for its gratification and almost drags her under by its disappointment,—all this is portrayed with delicacy and subtlety. Miss Holtby writes with force and grace, and handles her plot with certainty. Her characters are nicely discriminated and completely realized, vivacious human beings who enlist interest and sympathy. And she has something eminently worth while to say. I know of no novel of the day which has as fine an end as this, or one more moving. Life has pattern and meaning as Miss Holtby depicts it, and human nature, achieving through pain and suffering not resignation or serenity but that better than either, understanding, takes on nobility.

Youth Unwanted

THE LOST GENERATION. By Maxine Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. BINGHAM

HORROR stories have become a stock-in-trade since the depression. The desperate sicknesses of the post-war world have had their innumerable viewers-with-alarm. Recently in this country we have had our Spivaks pointing to the rising tide of revolt among a desperate proletariat, we have had our Rortys seeing community after community rotting from within, we have heard of silicosis victims, victims of vigilante violence, victims of the riding-bosses' brutality in the share-cropping South. The stories go on in spite of the fact that prosperity is said to have returned.

Miss Davis's book is the most heartbreaking that has come to this reviewer's attention. And the most infuriating. For

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here is a sensitive picture of a whole generation lost—American youth, "straying aimlessly toward middle age." And all the intelligent author can suggest is more and better social work.

Rightly she trembles before the prospect of an American Hitler suddenly promising these waiting boys and girls something to live for, even though it be false. Rightly she feels that under the listless, hopeless, putty-like exterior of a generation which finds the world a blank, there is courage and eagerness to live. Rightly she assesses the situation—millions of boys and girls going soft inside, hitchhiking from nowhere to nowhere because there is nowhere to go, no more frontier, no job, no future, and capitalism played out.

An observant and kindly newspaper woman with typical middle-class American sympathies, she could not help seeing these facts on the 10,000-mile tour which produced this book.

But what conclusion does she draw? More and better alphabetic social agencies, C. C. C., N. Y. A., Y. M. C. A., conservation, vocational guidance, hobbies, bird walks. Commendable are doctors becoming veterinaries to care for the lapdogs of the fortunate, Ph.D.'s initiating Tidy-Didy services: —"A number of highly successful youth conferences have been held under Rotary Club auspices. The results have been a better understanding between employers and unemployed youth. In some cases jobs have resulted."

I have seen the young people of Russia transfigured with the joy of creative living in building a new world. I expect to live to see the day when the young people of America are once more tense with the thrill of building a new world of our own. Then this case-book will gather dust on library shelves to puzzle future scholars with the problem: why poverty and frustration in a land of incalculable abundance?

Alfred M. Bingham is one of the editors of Common Sense.

History in Headlines

AMERICA GOES TO PRESS. THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY. By Laurence Greene. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE newspaper is not the best history; but by and large it is the most vivid. Anyone who has gone through old files has quickly surrendered to their fascination. They not merely chronicle the events of their time; they often embody its spirit. The two American historians who have written most largely out of newspapers, McMaster and Rhodes, have shown that with all their inaccuracies, their prejudices, their superficiality, they are yet for general purposes the best single modern source. This compilation, made up of striking news stories from the battle of Concord to the shot at Serajevo, was doubtless prepared chiefly for the benefit of newspapermen. They will be keenly interested to see how colorful events of the past—the burning of Washington, John Brown's execution, Lincoln's assassination, the Chicago fire, the Johnstown flood, the sinking of the *Titanic*—have been covered. But the volume is so full of rattling good stories, told vigorously and dramatically if often rather crudely, that it should appeal to many casual readers who have never been inside a newspaper office.

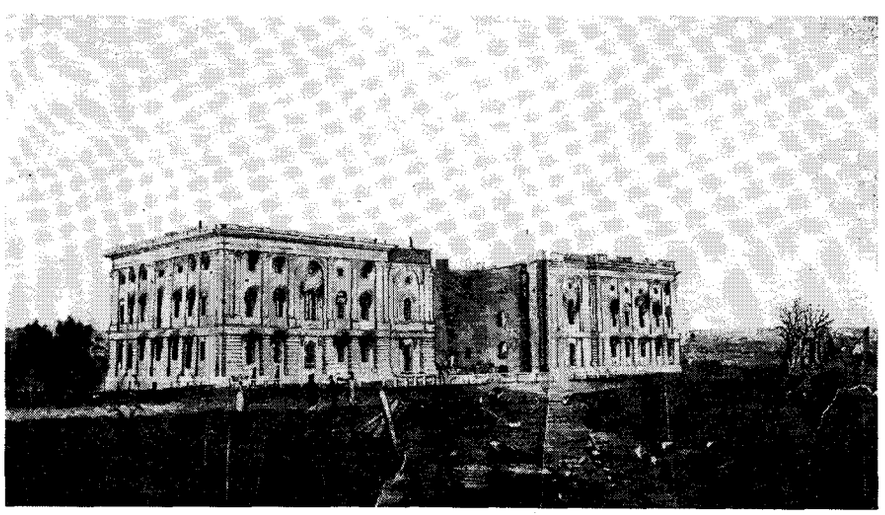
Mr. Greene's method is simplicity itself. He offers almost no editorial or historical comment on his stories—a few lines or at most paragraphs to give the setting. He does not bother to present footnote corrections of palpable errors. What he is interested in, quite properly, is simply the news. And in his 375 pages he gives us a fairly well proportioned, fairly catholic, and unflaggingly amusing selection. The great development of reporting in this country came after the founding of Bennett's *Herald* in 1835. It is therefore not surprising that only one-third of the volume is devoted to the years before the Civil War, two-thirds to the years following it. Mr. Greene has been at commendable pains to see that newspapers outside New York are well represented. To be sure, a majority of the news articles are from New York journals. But then New York reporting has at most times set the standard for the nation in enterprise, intelligence, and comprehensiveness.

Among the best examples of reporting here are the long story of the San Francisco earthquake and fire taken from the Los Angeles *Times* of April 18, 1906; the description of the great Oklahoma "rush" printed as a special dispatch in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of April 23, 1889; and one of the New York *Sun's* later narratives of the loss of the *Titanic*, April 19, 1912. The volume is singularly barren in humorous matter. This, no doubt, is because it deals almost wholly with events of a highly serious nature. But it contains an abundance of "sensational" material. The record of the Custer massacre taken from the Minneapolis *Pioneer-Press and Tribune* is quite properly headed, "The Terrible Details." The Johnstown flood gave the reporter of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* an opportunity to revel in gory details. Details of another sort spice the story of Harry Thaw, Stanford White, and Evelyn Nesbit.

We could wish, indeed, that the book had been a good deal fuller—the news of one hundred and seventy crowded years cannot be properly represented in a volume of this size; that the treatment had been a little more thorough and professional. Mr. Greene's eye has been fixed too exclusively upon entertainment. His would have been a more useful and illuminating work had it been more closely related to the development of news-journalism in this country. The crowding of the entire period 1775-1862 into 130 pages makes it impossible to give any idea of changing modes of news-presentation between Ben Franklin and Charles A. Dana. Then, too, readers will obtain no real idea of what certain great newspapers stood for in their field. The cultivated *Evening Post;* the grave, ponderous *National Intelligencer;* the flippant *Herald;* the crusading New York *Tribune* and Springfield *Republican;* the sardonic and sophisticated *Sun;* the swashbuckling *Courier-Journal*—such types of news-writing might each have been represented.

But it is easy to find fault with any such book; and Mr. Greene's particular compilation will perhaps please as many readers as any volume of the kind could.

Allan Nevins, professor of American history at Columbia University, was for many years an editor, first of the New York Evening Post *and later of the* World.



EARLY AMERICAN NEWS PICTURE
The Capitol after the burning of Washington. Drawn by Chittenden in 1814.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Propaganda That Is Good

IT would be interesting to know whether history, looking back over the present tragic years, will see them as the period of the Great Confusion or the Great Enlightenment. To the myopic vision of the present chaos, doubt, bewilderment becloud all issues, yet emergent from the welter of problems is discernible a steadily growing preoccupation with the causes and cures of the ills that beset the time. The bankruptcy of political parties, the pathetic striving of youth to come to terms with its world, the agitation of labor, all are making for a reconsideration of the social order not only on the part of the few but of the many.

The old party shibboleths are gone, the old divisions on which men united to vote have crumbled, the old allegiances no longer command respect. Youth that has come to maturity in these years of depression and has found so inhospitable to its ambitions a world that held forth prospect of success to its parents can ill realize how shattering to the soul of their elders as well as to their own has been the period of calamity. For while youth has been defrauded of its hopes, maturity has been cheated of its faiths. Those of us who were young before the war did really believe that society was marching on to a new order, did see a world in which the laborer would have his full dinner pail, slums would disappear, arts and literature would flourish, and the amenities of leisure filter down from the favored few to the increasingly prosperous many. And now, like youth, we see a world torn by animosities between nations, encumbered by the debris of outworn institutions, burdened with unemployment, and faced with the prospect of a population permanently dislocated by technological advances. No less than youth are their elders shaken by the misfortunes which have befallen society. And despite youth's impatient belief that they who botched it will never be able to mend the world, the middle-aged and the elderly are quite as determined as their children to strive for a way out of the slough of despond. Perhaps, for all the sorry plight into which their world fell, they even more than the young still retain their belief in education as the road to advance, and despite their knowledge of the ill of which propaganda is capable and which it has wrought, pin their faith upon it for the coming of better days.

For there can be propaganda that is noble as well as that which is evil. Indeed, all education directed toward the shaping of ideals is propaganda of a sort, and the more such propaganda there is the better for the human race. It makes no difference under what form it comes, —whether it be organized efforts for peace, or student associations of the Veterans of the Next War and Mothers of the Veterans of the Next War, or forums for the discussion of economic unrest, or radio broadcasts, or editorials in the press, and it makes little difference, either, whether one opinion or another is presented so long as discussion is free and interest is general. The essential thing in the present of confusion is that men think and be willing to allow others the right to think, that they be ready to heed the experience of the past as well as to break new paths for the procedure of the morrow. But to think, of course, implies to question and to reason, and to reason means to have some background of knowledge against which to project theory and practice. The wretched world is in sore need of the best thought that is to be had on its problems, not of hit-or-miss schemes or sudden sesames to happiness. And it is the thinking of the average man that in the long run is going to shape the policies of his country.

For national policy, though in the final event it is, of course, shaped by governments, is the result of national will. Governments are made of men whose action is not taken in a void but in an atmosphere sensitive to every fluctuation of public opinion. So—and heaven knows it is a truism—it follows as the night the day that the more enlightened the attitude of the body politic the more the pressure of its beliefs works for the good of the people. The education of the masses to political faiths or economic programs has too often been the work of political organizations, of demagogues, and special interests who through ignorance or willfulness or self-seeking have warped its view to meet their own purposes. Only by laying a foundation of knowledge and spurring a questioning spirit can the evil influence of interested propaganda be offset.

It is that which lends so large an importance to the growing attempt from several sources to get facts and logic before the public. Increasingly there is evident a purpose to sift conditions and arrive at basic causes, to winnow the crop of panaceas and suggestions, and let findings ripen in the light of reason. Such spurs to discussion as the Theodore Roosevelt Award Committee has offered in its prize of $2500 for the best manuscript on any political, social, or economic phase of contemporary American life, or the John Anisfield Award Committee proffers in its prize of $1000 for a sound and significant book on the subject of social relations in the contemporary world, or such efforts at clarification of public thinking as the handbooks which the Foreign Policy Association is issuing, and the pamphlets which the newly organized Public Affairs Committee has launched this week with its booklet on "Income and Economic Progress"—all these are valuable steps in the right direction. The great problem, of course, will be to get such material before the masses. That is where the press and the radio can render inestimable assistance, by presenting in palatable form digests of such writing. What currency they can give it is legitimate propaganda, propaganda which is neither partisan nor opinionated but which is merely the dissemination of the factual basis for thinking. Propaganda, in others words, which is identical with education for discriminating action.

Cunninghame-Graham The death of R. B. Cunninghame-Graham removes from English letters one of its most picturesque figures and a writer whose qualities had drawn forth encomiums from the most noted of his contemporaries. A life-long liberal by conviction, much of his best endeavor was spent on politics, but in the intervals of his fight against privilege and tyranny he travelled and wrote industrously. Spanish blood was mingled with his English inheritance, and some of his best work was descriptive of Latin-American lands.

Ten Years Ago

In The Saturday Review of March 20th, 1926, Frederick M. Hopkins reported in his department on Rare Books that a recent sale at the American Art Galleries, which had included the private library of Mrs. Hannah M. Standish of Pittsburgh, had been unusually successful, with keen competition, etc.—"594 *lots bringing the handsome total of* $88,656."

Today

John T. Winterich contributes some interesting information on Rare Books in his department *The Compleat Collector*, on page 22 of this issue; and offers a tabulated comparison of prices brought at the famous Kern sale in 1929 with the prices brought by the same items at subsequent sales.

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Letters to the Editor: *Political Questions in Book Reviewing*

"Controversial Subjects"

SIR:—I have been a subscriber to *The Saturday Review* ever since it was a weekly magazine feature of the *New York Evening Post*. During recent lean years, when magazine subscriptions have been among the indulgences banned by financial stringency, the *SRL* has remained the one magazine which I have felt unable to do without.

During the past two years, however, I have noted with disquiet and regret the increasingly apparent trend toward the intrusion of political controversy and obvious political bias in virtually every department of the magazine. There has seemed to be a preponderance of reviews of so-called "liberal" and radical books. Too frequently these have been reviewed by critics of known "liberal" or radical bias; while books written by conservative authors, or on conservative themes, have been sent for review to critics of opposite convictions. With many of these, book reviews have been made to serve as vehicles for the expression of the reviewers' personal convictions on controversial questions of politics and economics.

Now the staff of the *SRL* may be a group of so-called "liberals"—(I do not admit that liberalism is the exclusive possession of those who call themselves liberals!)—and have an entire right to their own opinions. But I submit that as a review of current literature the *SRL* is not properly the vehicle for the expression of political convictions.

An instance in point of partisanship on the part of a reviewer is the review by Elmer Davis in the issue of Feb. 29th, of Phyllis Bentley's "Freedom, Farewell." In drawing a parallel between Miss Bentley's picture of the Roman Republic and its fall, and conditions in the American Republic of today, Mr. Davis misses no opportunity to express his own partisan opinions on controversial political subjects. In a hundred innuendoes, gratuitous slurs, and outright exaggerations of statement, and through interpolations which have little or nothing to do with the review proper, Mr. Davis indulges in such expressions as this:

> It will be gathered from the foregoing that the writer is one who deplores the effect of some recent decisions of the Supreme Court, with the notable exception of the TVA case—not least in their effect on the Constitution which can hardly gain in the esteem of any but constitutional lawyers if it is to be construed as a document whose chief function is the protection of intrenched wealth.

I submit that when a reviewer interpolates statements on such highly controversial subjects, their truthfulness so certainly open to attack, and from personal opinion so obviously partisan, he has ceased to serve the purpose for which he was employed: the production of a fair and unbiased estimate of a book, as a guide to readers of various political affiliations. I submit further that when, as it did recently, the *SRL* sends a book defending the fundamental principles and traditions of the American system of government, to be reviewed by an editor of *The New Republic*, it is inviting a derogatory criticism, and indulging a biased attitude of its own. It would be refreshing in this day of ferment and confusion to be able to turn to one magazine in which politics and political partisanship had no place. If present conditions make this impossible in a literary review, then we may at least ask that controversial questions be treated with the objectivity which, in a literary review, they are entitled to receive.

KATHERINE WILSON.

Berkeley, Cal.

"AND AFTER VASSAR I'M GOING TO WRITE A NOVEL."

The Saturday Review *exists to review books. To ask for a magazine in which "politics and political partisanship have no place" is to ask either for a magazine which neglects to review many of the most important books of the day, or for reviewers who are wholly without opinions of their own. All book reviews are statements of opinion; even a factual report of a book implies opinion in its selection of facts. The editors of* The Saturday Review *do not necessarily agree with the point of view of any particular reviewer —or, for that matter, with one another. Political books have been reviewed in these columns by such diverse critics as Allan Nevins, William Allen White, Dorothy Thompson, Ray B. Westerfield, Alfred Bingham, A. A. Berle, and Charles Seymour; we have printed reviews by editors of* The New Republic, *and perhaps more by editors of* The New York Times. *The purpose of* The Saturday Review *is to print reviews which present the contents of the books and the opinions of qualified reviewers, some of whom will be conservative, some radical, some liberal. We are not an organ of dogmatic opinion, and, editorially speaking, will choose the best reviewer in whatever camp we find him. Also the proportion of literary to political and economic material in the* Review *will be found upon real analysis to be better than* 3 *to* 1.

We should welcome correspondence from other readers on the questions raised in Miss Wilson's letter.—The Editors.

Bibliography of Biography

SIR:—I am preparing for publication, by the University of Pennsylvania Press, a Bibliography of American Biography, 1657-1935. As there are probably many sectional, local, and private press publications as well as doctoral theses in biography which have not received general notice or distribution, I am requesting lists of such publications. I wish to have complete title, author, number of pages, and place and date of publication.

E. H. O'NEILL.

Box 10, Bennett Hall,
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Rose Hawthorne

SIR:—I am in search of material about Rose Hawthorne, which could be used in a contemplated biography. Any letters or interesting information would be welcome, but I am especially interested in material regarding the years which included her work on *The Atlantic Monthly*, her married years, and those at New London. Any letter will receive care and be duly returned.

KATHERINE BURTON.

1 Park Avenue Terrace,
Bronxville, N. Y.

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DRAWING BY MAITLAND DE GOGORZA. *From "They Seldom Speak."*

Yankee Village

THEY SELDOM SPEAK. By Leland Hall. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE MORRISON

THOSE who have read "Salah and His American," or the articles which Leland Hall contributes to magazines, will not be surprised to hear that he has written an unusually fine novel, full of understanding, full of racy, natural speech, and attuned both to pity and to heroic fortitude. There are no new ingredients in the book, and no innovations of method. It is a novel of rural New England, and records the changes which within a single lifetime have so sharply altered both the external conditions and the inner moral cast of society. When the book begins, the restless and energetic Ad Hart can make a fine place for himself in the local world by his skill with horses; when it ends, his son Charlie has come back from the war to do well in motors, and the country is no place for him: he must do it in New York or Detroit.

When Ad is young, some of the village men live respectably married and others live up the back roads. Ad himself as a married man has his fun, and plenty of it; but Carrie, his wife, is deeply grieved and humiliated by his peccancies. For her, ". . . it was a right and possibly a holy thing for a man to be a good husband, a woman a good wife, in spite of almost unbearable trials." But for Charlie, it was not a matter of living up the back road or of living in marriage. Marriage itself had become an institution wholly different from what his mother believed it, and had ceased to be a system of obligations which "lay at the core of decent and courageous living." With his father's attractiveness for women, he had found "that one great purpose of the war could well be served by a general shifting of beds."

These changes have been recorded before, and it is no great achievement, perhaps, to record them again. But it is an ever fresh achievement, the most generally satisfactory which fiction can offer, to create human nature on the page, to shape characters who live, speak a natural idiom, suffer, are weak and bewildered and heroic. This Leland Hall has done, in Carrie, slapping her son's face when he rebels against his obligations, bearing her husband's long death with heartwrung fortitude; in Ad, with his feverish energy and generous hopefulness, his craving for open air breathed under stars at three in the morning.

If any criticism is to be made it must be on the point of structure. No one character, idea, or perspective quite dominates the novel, or quite gives to the whole a shapely development. In the end, one is left with a sense of social change, and the memory of three or four episodes of great strength and great tenderness; but these impressions do not cohere as perfectly as one would like. It is almost as though Mr. Hall had written an admirable book of minor characters.

It's Fun to Be Fooled

LOCOS—A Comedy of Gestures. By Felipe Alfau. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

SO rare a madness as Felipe Alfau's would seem credible nowhere save against the background of an empty-stomached Spain preserving above the scarcity of bread and olives and wine the decadent postures of a lost golden age. But as it is his mad Spanish world, held up as the product of characters impertinently insubordinate to their author, grows through a wit disguised as maudlin comedy to a vastly satisfactory book of priests and pimps and prostitutes, of police prefects, beggars, and borrowers, or strutting honor and grimacing death, and of such sweetness as may mark a little nun tarrying in a cloister momentarily secure from the great black sin of incest.

But be warned: Señor Alfau is a man to enjoy but not to trust. He throws logic aside as a man might throw sand in our eyes to blind us. He sets his characters free to do as they please in order that he may do as he pleases with us. His is a book to be read with the realization that the strange, illogical land into which he leads us is an illogical land of his own mapping in which, therefore, not he but his readers are mazed. He has made his book a decorated labyrinth of the mind, bewildering but connecting, full of blind alleys but with ways also, if a paradox may be pardoned, straight after a crooked fashion.

Undoubtedly, as Señor Alfau disarmingly declares, a reader might begin to read this book at its front or in the middle or the end, "in any fashion except, perhaps, upside down." But his short stories are not merely short stories. Each tale gives a little and each adds more to the interwoven story of a group of strange folk in modern Toledo and Madrid. Even when the reader has read them all, the multiple facets of Señor Alfau's logic will escape him if he is not careful. Indeed, behind a comic mysticism Mr. Alfau's novel is all plot, all logic, so closely woven together behind symbolic names and symbolic attitudes that a reader may see only Señor Alfau's mock dispersal and miss all his essential unity and logic.

But if Mr. Alfau is steadily mystifying, over his secret logic, he is also steadily entertaining. I am quite confident that some of the implications of his intricate, complex story escaped me but I am also certain that I enjoyed every moment of his dark and lively tale. Its surface shines with wit and character and even a reader who allows Mr. Alfau to get away with all his mad pretenses will be gainer and not loser for being fooled.

Jonathan Daniels is editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.

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Pensions and Incomes

THE TOWNSEND PLAN: Taxing for Sixty. By Nicholas Roosevelt. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. 50 *cents.*

AGE BEFORE BOOTY: An Explanation of the Townsend Plan. By Morgan J. Dorman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $1.

$2500 A YEAR: FROM SCARCITY TO ABUNDANCE. By Mordecai Ezekiel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

"UNLIMITED" would be a better designation for the Old Age Revolving Pension Plan, considering the flood of propaganda which it emits. Mr. Roosevelt, however, is anything but a propagandist. On the contrary he submits the scheme to clear and searching analysis based on the most recent economic data and theory. Nor is Mr. Dorman wholly the propagandist albeit he writes with the imprimatur of Dr. Townsend, father of the plan. At first glance, indeed, his decidedly flippant title, "Age Before Booty," suggests hostility to the O. A. R. P. This is entirely misleading; as a matter of fact most of Mr. Dorman's 102 pages are devoted to straight-out advocacy of the $200 pension scheme. Nevertheless he does present certain rather judicious suggestions for "doctoring the doctor's plan." While Mr. Dorman is something of a master in the art of rhetorical appeal it cannot be said that he handles the economics of the subject convincingly. On the contrary his training in the latter field is evidently similar in character to that of his master, Dr. Townsend, of whom he remarks, not very convincingly: "It is just possible that a physician, understanding physiology, may be especially qualified to feel, by the process of intuitive analogy, the most fundamental economic principles." By the same "process of intuitive analogy" an aged economist out of a job might, after brief apprenticeship in a butcher shop, be licensed to practise surgery.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL

On some few points Messrs. Roosevelt and Dorman see eye to eye, regardless of the fundamental difference between their points of view. Both admit the personal worthiness of Dr. Townsend, which, of course is neither here nor there so far as the merits of the plan are concerned. Both point out that the O. A. R. P. has much of the character of a religious crusade, which makes it more or less impervious to logic. Finally both agree, one "viewing with alarm," the other "pointing with pride," that, as a political organization, it is extremely formidable. On the other hand the two writers are poles apart as to the incidence of the $20,000,000,000 in annual taxes which it involves. Mr. Roosevelt piles up data and argument amply conclusive to the reviewer that the burden would be crushing, nay intolerable. Mr. Dorman is jauntily certain that it would be inconsiderable; further—again resorting to a medical analogy—he holds that the twenty billions of annual revenue circulating "through the arteries of the body politic—will prevent congestion, that the power of this mighty stream will suck up the stagnant pools of the nation's congealed life blood and whirl them [*sic*] along through a constantly functioning system"—of course with resultant prosperity for all, young as well as old, world without end, Amen.

Fantastic economics beyond the shadow of a doubt! Still a sound case may be made out for old age pensions on modest scales such as have long existed in various European countries. Even Mr. Roosevelt admits it; his argument, indeed, would have been much more effective had he given some attention to the positive phase of his subject instead of devoting himself almost entirely to negative criticism. Regardless of this defect a copy of his book should be placed in every public library. And—adding the unthinkable to the impossible—all Congressmen should be compelled to pass a stiff detailed examination based upon it.

It is rather to be regretted that economists must devote so much of their attention to the torpedoing of wildly fantastic but at the same time widely popular get-rich-quick schemes. In Mordecai Ezekiel's "$2500 a Year" work of a totally different character is presented. It is so constructive and yet so critical that one experiences keen pleasure in turning to it after consideration of the Townsend plan. Even in the relatively flush times of 1929 less than one-third of our families enjoyed an income sufficient to provide a modest abundance. How to bring these families gradually up to such a standard, roughly fixed at $2,500 a year, is the subject to which Mr. Ezekiel addresses himself. Soak the rich schemes play no part in his discussion; instead he points out that we must produce twice as much as was turned out in 1934. Overcoming industrial errors of the past we must further draw up a "national blue print for abundance," putting it into effect by a detailed policy of industrial adjustment. Though N. R. A. and A. A. A. are dead, nevertheless the experience gained during their brief lives may yet point the way toward the transformation of our economic system from one of scarcity to one of abundance. Indeed the policy of industrial adjustment set forth in "$2500 a Year" may be best described as a reversal of A. A. A. machinery and methods to increase rather than to decrease output.

A technical subject beyond a doubt; nevertheless the discussion is a marvel of clarity. Difficulties are not minimized; alternatives and opposing schemes (even including O. A. R. P.) are fairly considered and criticized. That constitutional amendment will probably be necessary is conceded. What Messrs. Herbert Hoover, Alfred E. Smith, and Liberty Leaguers generally will have to say about industrial adjustment can be left to the imagination. Nevertheless Ezekiel has indicated in large measure the economic paths we must tread if we are to escape the blind alley of fascism. If not now, then eventually—that is after our present slowly rising prosperity has reached its apogee and plunged into another depression.

Robert C. Brooks is a member of the department of economics at Swarthmore.

Aspects of History

THE UNFINISHED UNIVERSE. By T. S. Gregory. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1936. $3.

THE author speaks of his book as in some measure the story of his conversion from the Methodist to the Catholic faith. It is not autobiographical, but a survey of certain aspects of history. On the one side are the magicians and their successors, the scientists, offering a universe which is, in more than one sense, "finished." On the other stand the theologians, representing the city of God, an unfinished universe. The historical facts get lighted up from unexpected angles, but the book is not exposition, or even argument. The author turns every statement of fact into a value judgment. The reader may be enlightened; he is even more likely to be annoyed.

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A Jacksonian Judge

ROGER B. TANEY. By Carl Brent Swisher. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $5.

ROGER B. TANEY. Jacksonian Jurist. By Charles W. Smith, Jr. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

WHEN Chief Justice Taney, one of the most notable figures in the history of the Supreme Court, died in 1864 the embittered Senator Sumner declared that "the name of Taney is to be hooted down the page of history. . . . He administered justice at last wickedly, and degraded the judiciary of the country, and degraded the age." Historians who should have known better have joined in the chorus of abuse. But Taney has suffered from his friends as well as his enemies, for partisanship is hardly conducive to the stability of any reputation.

Mr. Swisher has utilized hundreds of unpublished manuscripts from scores of archives, private and public. He is sympathetic, but honest and fair in his judgments of Taney and his embattled contemporaries. He has reproduced the background of the period with minute detail. He has said almost all that needs be said of Taney—and more than that: he has rewritten many interesting features of American political history. If we correctly understand a much-abused word, we believe that he has written the definitive biography of Taney. It will be esteemed by all who are interested in American judicial history, and in the history of the United States from Andrew Jackson through the presidency of Lincoln.

Taney, born in 1777, early rose to eminence at the Maryland bar. Originally a Federalist, he became alarmed at the growing power of the capitalism of the Northern states. To protect the planter and the slave-holding aristocracy of the South he shifted his support to Jackson. Jackson, in reorganizing his cabinet in 1831, appointed Taney his Attorney-General, a position in which he served with distinction. Taney was an intimate adviser of the President and supported him in the war against the Bank of the United States. To strike an effective blow against the Bank by withdrawing the government funds Jackson appointed him, in September 1833, Secretary of the Treasury. The deposits were removed, but the friends of the Bank retaliated in the Senate, which refused to confirm his nomination the following June. When he was nominated an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in January, 1835, his enemies again blocked the measure. When Marshall died Taney was nominated Chief Justice and held the post until his death in 1864. It was a political appointment and Taney at once set about to reverse the trend of the Court under Marshall. He sought to sever the alliance between judicial federalism and corporate power. Under Taney the Court encouraged state regulation and the modern police power of the state. Yet the Chief Justice could never forget that he was a Southerner and that Southern society seemed in need of some bulwark against what it considered to be the encroachments of the North. Mr. Swisher skilfully demonstrates how Taney, in his legal decisions, was attempting to formulate national policy. We then behold the transformation of an excellent jurist into a mediocre statesman.

Mr. Swisher's work suffers from the lack of literary skill. He has not the gift of graphic detail or of dramatic emphasis. The author's prose flows along with an unruffled placidity, like a quiet stream meandering through an endless meadow (there are more than six hundred pages). Yet in the heavens were dark portents, gathering clouds, and finally a hurricane that swept across the nation. There is too much academic languor and restraint in these pages. We would like to see the author cultivate a little abandon, though we are grateful for what he has given us.

Mr. Smith's little volume is a valuable study of Taney's political theories and his contributions to constitutional law. Because of the restricted scope of his subject he is able to present more effectively Taney's philosophy of law and government than does Mr. Swisher, whose work he supplements. Mr. Smith has provided us with an admirable little handbook of Jacksonian democracy. He emphasizes Taney's furtherance of the police power, which enabled the states to enact a variety of laws beneficial to the well-being of the common man. In a long series of decisions the Chief Justice supported the sovereignty of the people as expressed in the Constitution. But Mr. Smith, professing to see in Taney a consistency that was never there, asserts that the Chief Justice would never permit a minority group to dominate the political scene. Slavery was the rock upon which Taney's consistency foundered. In the Charles River Bridge case and in the war against the Bank of the United States Taney was attacking special privilege, but in the Dred Scott decision and in the case of Groves *v.* Slaughter he was protecting the slave-owning aristocracy of the South —as clearly a minority group as the Northern capitalists. But the Chief Justice had a blind spot and Mr. Smith is not without his own.

Frank Monaghan, who is a member of the history department of Yale University, is the author of the recently published "John Jay, Defender of Liberty."

DOROTHY GARDINER

Gold in the Rockies

THE GOLDEN LADY. By Dorothy Gardiner. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE NAISMITH

AT last Colorado has its regional novel—a panorama of gold mining for fifty years. Perhaps Miss Gardiner's actual story becomes a little smothered in its wealth of detail. But it is good detail, from the stream which cursed its course down Duke's Gulch—"Daaaaammmm . . . Goddaaammm . . . Daaammmmmm" to the birth, without medical aid, of Vannie Swenk, first child of the mining camp—offspring of Pompey Swenk, gambler, and Leadville Lily from Madame Eve's Garden of Eden.

In spite of her parentage and her name, Vannie Swenk was born to be a lady. Her mother said so. Besides, she had beauty and wealth, though it was gained through her marriage to a "gentleman" twice her age. Does one need more—to be a lady? Vannie Swenk might have remained a lady in all its social sense but she owned a rapacious mine, "The Golden Lady," a gift from a Harvard man who had loved her mother. The mine lured her as mines always have lured men, and though Vannie was plunged alternately into wealth and poverty, both in Europe and Colorado, by the caprice of gold, she could never escape her own barren mine above Duke's Gulch.

The book lacks, somewhat, the emotional quality of David Karsner's "Silver Dollar," biographical account of the Tabors of this same period. It lacks, too, the zest of Gene Fowler's anecdotal "Timberline," but for richness of detail and vivid portrayal of a whole procession of colorful characters, "The Golden Lady" belongs in the first rank of Western—not "western" in the Zane Grey sense—novels. Miss Gardiner knows her theme—gold and its influence on men and women.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

OUR favorite poem this week is Walt Mason's piece about George Gissing. When George Matthew Adams, who syndicates Walt's pieces, showed it to us we begged his permission to print it here—even before it goes out to Walt's newspaper clients. So here's a real scoop for The Green—please observe the copyright notice.

Famous Too Late

Now when the gentle reader looks in any catalogue of books, he sees George Gissing mentioned there, at prices that will make him stare. George Gissing's works are in demand by all collectors in the land. To buy his "Workers in the Dawn" you'd have to put your shirt in pawn and anything that bears his name is haloed by a glow of fame. But Gissing didn't live to nail his vast celebrity and kale. Throughout his long years as a scribe he labored with the Grub Street tribe; whatever ills the fates disgorge were heaped upon the luckless George. He lived on lentils for a time while grinding out his work sublime, and now and then he'd sadly bleat, "If I but had enough to eat!" His room was often cold and damp because he had no stove or lamp; and in the darkness he would freeze, and chew his lentils and his peas. As tutor he went forth each day to teach some kids at meagre pay, and tottered homeward in the eve, a chapter of his book to weave, still thinking, as he plied his pen, "Had I the bosom of a hen!" His life was bleak and full of grief, which seldom knew an hour's relief, but when they placed him in his grave the populace began to rave about the merit of his work, and every weary bookstore clerk was selling Gissing all the day, and loading him upon a dray.

WALT MASON.

[*Copyright 1936 by George Matthew Adams*]

"Daffodil Parade"

To the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, long a favorite of ours, we now add one from the other side of the country—*The Merrill Almanac* (and Handbook of the Pacific Northwest) published by Lee P. Merrill of Tacoma, Wash. (25 cents.) Lee Merrill admits that his inspiration came from Professor Kittredge's *The Old Farmer and His Almanac*. "Abigail and I," he writes, "have been getting out the almanac for four years. Our particular kick is from correspondence received; we like books, people, and new ideas."

To a roving eye the apex of the Merrill Almanac seems to be a libation devised by the Merrills "in salute to the spring Daffodil Festival at the Puyallop Valley under the shadow of Mount Rainier." Here are the instructions:—

> After two heaping tablespoons of honey—not ordinary honey, but the sweet gatherings of that humble gleaner of the glories of the most beautiful of western flowers grown in pure mountain air—have been put reverently into your shaker, add the juice of one voluptuous orange and one luscious lemon, then stir vigorously until the honey and juices are a blissful one.
>
> Now in silent respect to the vintners of fine wines, add one tablespoonful of sherry—no more, certainly no less. Then two dashes of orange bitters; one's appetite must be whetted.
>
> Ah, and now for the final touch.
>
> Into this base may now be added five or even six jiggers of fine old dry Gin; then shake in cracked ice until you are tired, then give one more and then another—to do less is a sacrilege to golden, frothy delight—the RESULT.
>
> This recipe will serve eight people.

Lee Merrill adds that "this cocktail has been highly endorsed by both critics and skeptics, connoisseurs and nondescripts. Even a partial list would rock the nation in awe and mirth."

Mr. Lux Unburdens

SIR:—Perhaps you will allow another of my occasional check-up letters? I came to town to see a publisher at 386 Fourth Avenue: the first thing I noticed was a sign on the front door, THIS BUILDING HAS SETTLED. I wondered if you'd had an earthquake; then saw, in smaller print, some explanation about an elevator strike. I hope the elevator boys won. I've been studying publishers' catalogues to decide where to offer my book on *Sociological Stabilizers*. I rather think Simon & Schuster, they're so enthusiastic: they speak of one title on their spring list as "a book of blinding splendor" which somehow tickles me. I have a lot of errands to do while here: I want to find a copy of Charles Reade's *The Woman Hater*, the book Kipling's chief engineer McPhee lay reading for 8 days in his bunk aboard the *Hoor* (if you know what he meant). Did you know that the gyro-stabilizers in S.S. *Conte di Savoia* reduce a roll from 15° to 2½°; I've been studying graphs of her rolling records. The lubber calls every ship-motion "rolling," but in steamers it's made up of rolling, pitching, yawing, and heeling. Now the purpose of my book is to point out that the League of Nations is the best available gyro-stabilizer we have in the matter of international rolling and yawing.

It's going to be interesting to see whether they've got the jitter out of the *Normandie* when she returns to service.

The two most disturbing things I've noticed in publishers' catalogues are in the valuable *Columbia Books* (Columbia University Press). One is a book called *Practical Applications of the Punched Card Method in Colleges and Universities*—"a modern method of tabulating and analyzing facts and figures . . . bringing to light more facts in greater detail than was ever before possible." I'm wondering. I hope we don't have anything like that at Harvard. Maybe our education nowadays has too many facts and not enough feelings? I'm going to ask President Conant. But anyhow that's arguable, but here's a funny one: a series of phonograph records ($2.50 each) actually perpetuating or at any rate prolonging some of Gertrude Stein's recitatives! Je me demande . . . !

Instead of that I went right up to the

BOUCK WHITE IN HIS POTTERY WORKSHOP

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Columbia Press at 2960 Broadway and bought (only $1) the Facsimile Text Society's replica of John Donne's *Anniversaries,* exactly duplicated from the edition of 1621. If I want enigmas I can get plenty in the acerb old Dean.

On my way East I was pushed off the Hudson River by floods, took refuge in the Helderbergs and discovered that your old friend Bouck White, who once wrote a fine book of indignation, *The Call of the Carpenter,* and was run out of town by the fashionable parsons and patriots, is now making pottery up in the mountains. He lives on a limestone ledge where he makes his "Pottery of Protest," and likes to be photographed without any shirt, which is perhaps his waggish economic symbolism. He has written a pamphlet about his Bouckware as he calls it, it's worth sending for (Voorheesville, N. Y.), he writes in his most corrugated vein. "Descended from Mohawk stock," he says of himself, "the Iroquois blood in him makes him ill at our mechanical humdrum." He has invented a new way of making pottery (without fire) and is living rather like that Catskill hermit in one of O. Henry's stories. I enclose a photo.

I always try to give you an esoteric prophecy. Here it is: the most uproariously funny book of the spring will be Morgan's *Sparkenbroke* which I got in advance from England. The sad thing is, it wasn't intended to be funny. I can hear Alfred Knopf, who lost the book to Macmillan, chuckling inside his vivid gear.

In an old bookstall in Saratoga I found a pile of grand Franklin Square Libraries —Besant & Rice's *Chaplain of the Fleet,* Haggard's *Jess,* and writers you never heard of like The Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh; M. E. Braddon; Mary Cecil Hay; G. M. Fenn; Mrs. Molesworth; and Mrs. Oliphant (whom I never forget).—I cut off one of the mastheads for you oldtimers. That's the kind of reading I was raised on.

E. Tenebris Lux (Harvard, '02).

McSorley's

Imagine our pleasure to learn that the best old alehouse in New York City—McSorley's, of course, down on Seventh Street—has been bought by a retired policeman with the historic name of Daniel O'Connell; and will continue, we hope, for many years longer. We were a little worried, a year or more ago, when we heard from a friend that Bill McSorley, son of the founder, was quietly looking round for a congenial purchaser. Good luck to the old house under its new management.

McSorley's, as we have stated before, was one of the very first pubs we ever visited in New York. Just about the time we began hunting for a job, September 1913, John Sloan's fine drawing, *A Mug of Ale at McSorley's,* was printed in *Harper's Weekly.* It didn't take us long to hunt out the old house.

In later times we ourself got Walter Jack Duncan and Edmund Duffy to do drawings of McSorley's; both artists fitted by temperament to relish the rich Thomas Nast flavor of the place.

We liked Mr. McSorley's reasons, as quoted by the *Herald Tribune,* for retiring. He is now 75, and says his feet have been "damaged" by standing behind the bar for sixty years. "I want to have a couple of years so I can lay down on the grass and if an apple drops in my mouth I can catch it."

McSORLEY'S—*Drawing by Walter Jack Duncan*

Speaking of old landmarks, here is an interesting advertisement which was in the New York *Times* a few days ago:—

> WALT WHITMAN BIRTHPLACE, Huntington, L. I., widely advertised, historic landmark, for sale; ideal inn; commercial possibilities. Inspection only through Elizabeth Putt, 46 Lawrence St., Brooklyn.

Mr. P. M. Stone of Waltham, Mass., has been looking up George Gissing's association with that town (Gissing taught school there briefly in 1877). Mr. Stone has discovered two interesting items in an old file of the Waltham *Free Press.* The first (Jan. 5, 1877) notes the appointment of Mr. George R. Gissing as a teacher at the high school. The second, tantalizingly enigmatic, was on March 9, 1877. It says:—

"We regret to learn that Mr. Gissing, the accomplished assistant teacher of our High School left town suddenly and unexpectedly on Thursday of last week in a distracted state of mind in consequence of a disappointment he had suffered. His departure is a great loss to the school for he was a man of rare scholarship."

If Gissing left Waltham suddenly, or any other suburb of Boston, he had to do so before 10 p.m. My experience is that there are never any local trains into Boston late in the evening. There is a strong old New England doctrine that people have no business going into town after curfew.

The Literary Stretch-Out

(*Continued from page* 4)

belt carries on constantly to add to the overpowering sum of all we know. But as my old teacher Lounsbury used to say, the undergraduate has an intense and native resistance to the intrusion of knowledge. Take him by squads, with your eye on the sluggard, and, like the factory manager, you must find the ratio of labor at which his work will produce at least average results. But unfortunately there is a radical difference between history or literature, and the segments of a Ford. If the parts of a Ford are put together they *are* put together; but history speeded up, literature speeded up, becomes just information. The power has dropped out of it.

And the norm of our university speed-up is not the able and eager man. If our plant were designed for him, we would, paradoxically, not have to speed up at all. He could be left to his own devices, given the adjustment wheel into his own hands, and allowed to stand or fall by results. The norm we choose is the average man, and in this statement I think a congress of deans would support me, let the faculty say what they will. And having chosen the average man for norm, certain results inevitably follow. We expect him to read only an average quantity. But how shall we gear the moving belt for an inevitable sluggard's average? Run it slow and he will cheat you. Run it fast and he will play some dog's trick, or escape to summer climes. The American efficiency principle adopted to meet the emergency was characteristically simple and effective—for sluggards. It being well known that an indifferent mind will never do more than an indifferent amount of a given assignment, the obvious device was to stretch the assignment until what would be done became adequate for mass education. My figure begins to crack, but I can use it a little longer. For here is the speed-up, effective with sluggards, but ruinous for the eager searchers for a literature of power. No indifferent percentages for them. To read as they wish to read they must pick up two bolts where the average man picks up one. To cover whole-heartedly and with a passionate interest reading calculated to keep half a mind half busy in reading half of it, has led to precisely such a race against time as made Charlie Chaplin caper in distraction with wrenches at his ears.

How, under such a system, can the seekers for power in literature attain even that modicum of ease in Zion which is essential for intellectual salvation? And there are so many of them! They pour out of the universities with their honor degrees, crammed but ill read, having

(*Continued on page* 16)

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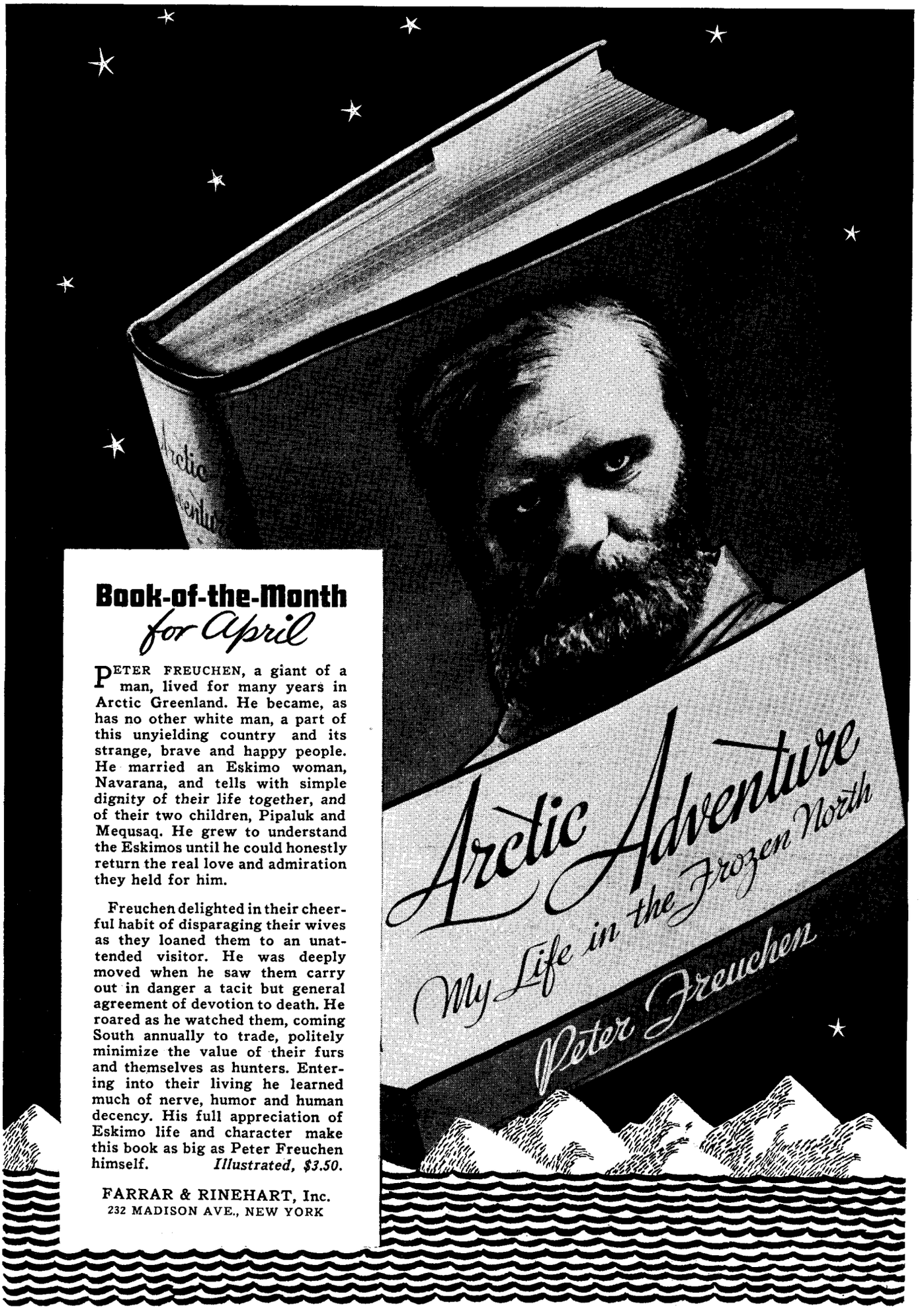

Book-of-the-Month
for April

PETER FREUCHEN, a giant of a man, lived for many years in Arctic Greenland. He became, as has no other white man, a part of this unyielding country and its strange, brave and happy people. He married an Eskimo woman, Navarana, and tells with simple dignity of their life together, and of their two children, Pipaluk and Mequsaq. He grew to understand the Eskimos until he could honestly return the real love and admiration they held for him.

Freuchen delighted in their cheerful habit of disparaging their wives as they loaned them to an unattended visitor. He was deeply moved when he saw them carry out in danger a tacit but general agreement of devotion to death. He roared as he watched them, coming South annually to trade, politely minimize the value of their furs and themselves as hunters. Entering into their living he learned much of nerve, humor and human decency. His full appreciation of Eskimo life and character make this book as big as Peter Freuchen himself. *Illustrated, $3.50.*

FARRAR & RINEHART, Inc.
232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

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Gallantry and tenderness . . .

. . . characterize this delightful novel which has been one of the most popular books of the current season in London—

FAITH, HOPE NO CHARITY

By Margaret Lane

American critics are warmly praising this fascinating story of Cockney London. "Her characters are the subjects of a human drama whose outstanding attraction is its quiet naturalness . . . and the gallantry of the individuals." — *N. Y. Times.* "When you put the novel down you feel that it is the humanity of human nature that keeps the world going."— *N.Y. Sun.*

$2.50 HARPERS

A compelling, lucid presentation of the message of contemporary religion to the modern mind. Henry Holt. $2.

THE RESOURCES OF RELIGION

by Georgia Harkness

BORZOI BOOKS

Are you among the many who have discovered with delight this volume of lyrical poems?

Robert Nathan's

SELECTED POEMS

$2. *Alfred A. Knopf*

The Literary Stretch-Out

(*Continued from page* 14)

covered more pages in a month than we in our unregenerate days in four years. But they have had no time to read, mark, and inwardly digest. They have been geared to the unwilling. Their only recourse is to give up honors, give up scope in information, and trust to self-discipline. A hard task for ambitious youth, hard for any one under fifty.

And this is the reason, I believe, why I, as a literary editor, find so many young men and women graduates passionately seeking for power in information. They will read anything that satisfies curiosity —proletarian novels, the dialectics of John Strachey, arguments for fascism, arguments against fascism, fiction about the lost generation, intellectualist poetry (not often), Hemingway on how to be cruel, Havelock Ellis on sex (though that topic has reached the saturation point), John O'Hara on the country club and lavatory sets, Virginia Woolf and D. H. Lawrence on their respective neuroses. Such curiosity is laudable, yet it is singularly deficient in depth, and there is a frightening acceleration in the shifts of fashion. It is economics today, it may be religion tomorrow.

We of the *fin de siècle* never found our gods. Our lack of the broad information indispensable for a modern age was not compensated for by any valid conversion by minds that would stay with us for life. But these crop full birds of which I write impress me as never having been allowed to seek power amidst the speed-up of information. They act like adepts who have run across a space of hot stones so fast that the foot was never seared. They are the victims of what labor unions call a stretch-out. They have been sacrificed to intellectual democracy.

It is the fashion to put the blame for the lack of standards, the apparent absence of an inner life, the excessive timeliness of this era, upon the transitional, not to say cataclysmic, character of the post-war decades, where civilization has so obviously outrun culture and seems about to fall upon its mechanized nose. Perhaps,—and yet it is difficult to discharge the colleges from all responsibility. They have taught scientific method, but have they left time for the really able minds to speculate upon the true uses of science? They have made clear what we never knew, how, for example, histories and literature are made, but have they provided, among so much comparison of texts and sources, for that spiritual leisure in which youth finds and absorbs those books or subjects, which, like Greek for the Renaissance, may bring a change of mind? They have taught literature with an adequacy of apparatus and a range far beyond our earlier day. Yet never has there been a generation of youth like this one, so avid for production (which is all to the good), yet so utterly unmoved by great literature of the past, so easily led into the mere trade of writing, so hazy as to the distinction between art and propaganda, so unwilling (with a few notable exceptions) to spend that intense and focussed labor which makes the difference between the good and the best. Some of all this, though not all, I charge against the speed-up, the stretch-out of good minds hurried past wisdom because the sluggard must be made to work. This process should be designated as an educational bastard, out of science by Puritanism, got while culture was asleep.

The foregoing essay, in slightly different form, was delivered as the Phi Beta Kappa address at Princeton University on March 23.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDERS IN THE MORTUARY *Austin Stone* (Putnam: $2.)	"The Verger," master criminal who kills 'em and buries 'em (br-rr!), quelled by two resourceful cops.	A good, gory, honest-to-goodness shocker with carved up cadavers and other fiendish trappings!	You'll either shiver —or laugh
MURDER ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT *Virginia Rath* (Crime Club: $2.)	Stranglings in shoddy California cult-camp solved by rough and ready "Rocky" Allan.	Somewhat sordid yarn with draggled but well limned characters and a rather horrifying end.	Average
HOMICIDE HAVEN *T. V. Turner* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Nude corpse in English villa shocks prospective occupants and almost makes Insp. Ripple forget his angling.	Slow but sure tale of standard British mould with much methodical sleuthing and slightly unethical solution.	Standard brand
MURDER WITHOUT RISK *Herbert Adams* (Lippincott: $2.)	Hale and hearty British septuagenarian topples off horse and dies. Poison suspected. Young M. D. helps police.	Story gently ambles from clever killing to explosive (literally) solution—amid sappy sentiment.	Average

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LEO TOLSTOI

1866 *War and Peace*, the great prose epic of the Napoleonic invasion and its effect on the life and times of early 19th Century Russia, is acclaimed as Tolstoi's masterpiece.

ALEXEI TOLSTOI

1936 *Darkness and Dawn*, on the same gigantic scale as "War and Peace," presents the completely detailed picture of decadent pre-War Russia, the collapse of the aristocracy, and the human drama of civil war.

TOLSTOI

DARKNESS AND DAWN

WHAT *War and Peace* is to Russia at the time of the Napoleonic invasion, this new modern novel is to Russia of the hectic years of 1913-1918—written in the grand tradition of great Russian literature.

The bloom of life was on Dasha when, in 1913, she left her hot and dusty province in the south of Russia to live with her older sister Katia in Petersburg. Married to a wealthy dilettante, Katia surrounded herself with a circle of decadent intellectuals. In such an environment Dasha became infatuated with a brilliant though superficial poet, whose attraction was not lessened even when she learned that he had seduced Katia. It is through the eyes of these women that you see the decay and death of an old culture and the birth of a new. Exciting yet tender, full of people and places and colorful detail, this epic narrative deals with a subject never before described—the plight of professional people, lawyers, poets, writers, artists, engineers, who found the revolution they had hailed with enthusiasm degenerating into civil war. With their husbands fighting on opposing sides, the plight of the sisters was doubly precarious. In a beautiful and lucid style, Alexei Tolstoi has here created two enduring characters of literature. 584 pages. $2.50

MR. PELLY'S LITTLE HOME

By Ralph E. Mooney

This is the story of Alonzo Pelly who, like the little man in the Chaplin film, like Caspar Milquetoast, lives the life of an innocent in a world of guile. "The only book (except *It Can't Happen Here*) I've been excited about for a long time."—ROBERT NATHAN. "Heart-breaking comedy."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.00

MANHATTAN SIDE STREET

By Jay Dratler. The community life of a block in the far West "Fifties" set down with humor and a fine eye for detail. "More than a first novel; it is quite likely to be the beginning of a career."—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. $2.50

THE GARDENER'S FIRST YEAR

By Alfred Bates. A book for the young beginner which tells how to make a garden bring forth a succession of blooms the first year. Illus. $2.00

AMERICAN SOLDIERS ALSO FOUGHT

By Lt. Gen. R. L. Bullard and Earl Reeves. Not another "Brass Hat's" memoirs, this book tells what actually happened when the A. E. F. arrived in France. $1.00

TRUTH ABOUT THE NEW DEAL

By Robert L. Lund, Howard E. Coffin and Dr. Charles W. Burkett. *In collaboration with Earl Reeves.* Answers the questions "Does it work?" "Has it done what it promised to do?" $1.00

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER

By Edwin A. Falk

The timely biography of a naval genius who found Japan a medieval feudal state and left it a world power. The rise of that power is inseparably linked with the spectacular career of Admiral Togo. "From cover to cover a fine book. It unfolds the inner mind of a gallant profession at its best."—*N. Y. Times.* Illustrated. $4.00

RABBLE ROUSER

By Charles M. Wilson. One of those rare books in which you lose yourself and become identified with its dramatic action, this is the story of a backwoods "red-neck" who rose to become Governor of his state. By the author of *Backwoods America.* $2.00

TORONTO **LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.** NEW YORK

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MY remarking recently that I was a bit tired of the "hearts and flowers" motif of many housewifely poets, saying further that "I honestly think—and hope to heaven they don't take my advice!—that if they went off and committed one good ripsnorting, scarlet sin it would do more to tone up their systems than the tons of treacle through which they mew about their souls"—my remarks to that congested effect have inspired the following from an old and favored contributor who calls herself *Gretna Green:*

I HOPE HE'S SATISFIED!

Ripsnorting scarlet sin
I have been wallowing in,
Hoping 't would help me pen a
Poem to please Bill Benét—
Out of a carmine spree
Winging to poesy
Which, though the verses creak'll
Never be labeled treacle
By critics who warn us to hie away
From poetry schools they dub dieaway!
Critics! I long to poke 'em;
Their nostrums are mostly hokum!
Blame me who can for despairing
If after a sound Baudelaire-ing
All I achieve for my sweat
Is fleurs du mal de tête!
Lovers galore how I kissed 'em
Merely to tone up my system,
Sinning until I've grown livid
To make my vague ecstasies vivid.
Though roses and raptures my skin burn,
I learn I'm not Algernon Swinburne.
Dope I takes makes me no Coleridge
(What's the pet vice of Miss Lola Ridge?);
Black cigars I am smoking, but know well
I can't polyphone like Miss Lowell;
Both ends of my candles ablaze,
My sonnets ain't *Edna Millay's.*
My doggonest *ditties prove doggerel,*
My stein-songs the merest of groggerel;
Parnassus won't give me free passes,
My passionate lava's molasses!

My vice hasn't made me highbrowish—
More'n more I am waxing hausfrau-ish-
My poetry no better since is,
*But vastly improved my cheese-*blintzes!

Joyce Bernard of Wichita Falls, Texas, seems to think that I am "sore about this whole business of State Anthologies" and particularly about the anthology, "Texas Legacy," from whose compiler, *Lois F. Boyle,* I have just had a very nice letter. No, I am not "sore," nor do I feel malicious. It is merely that I have carefully examined a good many state anthologies in my time and I think, in general, that they contain a nucleus of good work together with a great deal that is negligible. I was not "picking on" Texas. As a matter of fact, the Texas anthology is quite as good as, if not better than, the average state anthology. Anyway, I'll be lecturing down in Texas in April, so Joyce Bernard can have a potshot at me! Neither did I mean to imply that the Texas anthology was a "pay-as-you-enter" proposition. I haven't the slightest idea which state anthologies, if any, are conducted on that basis. It's all very well to be patriotic, but you must allow a reviewer his independent opinion. You may not agree with him and he may be all wrong, but he can only say what he honestly thinks.

The Peter Pauper Press announces the publication of an epic of evolution by *Chard Powers Smith,* entitled "Prelude to Man," in a limited edition of three hundred and seventy-five signed and numbered copies, with decorations by *Valenti Angelo.* This book is being published by subscription, with the names of all advance subscribers printed and bound into the volume itself. The publishers guarantee that the first edition will be followed by no further editions for at least a year in England and at least two years in America.

The Poetry Society of America invites anyone who wishes to do so to submit one unpublished poem for reading and criticism at its monthly meetings, held in New York, usually on the last Thursday of the month, from October to May excepting January. Poems read are eligible for the annual prizes of $100 and $50. The poem should be sent anonymously with the poet's name and address in an envelope on which is written the title of the poem. It should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, *Margery Mansfield,* Apt. 93, 516 East 78th Street, New York, N. Y., and should reach her by the tenth of the month. Only a small percentage of poems submitted are read, but contestants may arrange to attend meetings on the chance that their poems will be criticized.

The new literary monthly, *Partisan Review and Anvil,* has been printing some interesting poetry. The magazine is published at 430 Sixth Avenue, and you'll find it a lively and insurgent publication. It has had such contributors as *John Dos Passos, Carl Van Doren, Genevieve Taggard,* and *Clara Weatherwax.*

Henry Harrison, publisher of poetry, at 430 Sixth Avenue, this city, has written me as follows:

> Thanks for the write-up on the state anthologies and on *Tooni Gordi's* "Contemporary American Women Poets." Maybe shame on you for not knowing who Tooni is because she has appeared in *Voices, Poetry World, Spinners,* but on the other hand that may mean nothing to you.
>
> You scare me because I know you've never heard of *Thomas Del Vecchio,* who is to edit "Contemporary American Men Poets" (announcement inclosed), and you don't have to take my word for it that he's the sanest judge of poetry I've ever known and will make his anthology so good it will knock your weary eyes out. Why not help make it the swell book it's going to be by asking your male readers to submit their own work? Yours for less and better poetry.

All who wish to submit material for this book may address Thomas Del Vecchio in care of Henry Harrison. But I am rather appalled when I note that "Contemporary American Women Poets" contained 1311 living writers and the anthology of male will doubtless contain the same number. There was good work in the former book; there will probably be in this. It is this vast army of poets that snows me under. Whither, oh whither Everything?

Belatedly I wish to thank Mabel Kingsley Richardson, librarian of the University of South Dakota, for sending me a graceful tribute, in the form of a sonnet, to the late *Lizette Woodworth Reese;* a sonnet that, unfortunately, I have not space to print here.

Still Accursed
by the Biblical Prophets?
For 5,000 years a tiny strip of land along the Eastern Mediterranean Shore has been the scene of a deadly, continuous conflict between races and religions. Why? Is it due to uncanny forces of world economics, or is the land still accursed by Biblical prophets?
England's great biographer presents a remarkable analysis of the mystifying facts . . . a brilliant panoramic picture of the world's most dramatic episodes.
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THE BATTLEGROUND
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Forgotten Flowers

TREE FLOWERS OF FOREST, PARK, AND STREET. By Walter E. Rogers. Published by the author, Appleton, Wisconsin. 1935.

Reviewed by RAPHAEL ZON

MANY trees like magnolias, black locust, red bud, dogwood, and others, are known for their conspicuous and colorful blossoms. The majority of our common trees, however, especially in the northern part of our country, like the aspens, oaks, and elms, have very inconspicuous flowers. This perhaps accounts for the fact that we seldom associate trees with flowers. How many, even of our nature lovers, can see the beauty in the catkins of oaks, poplars, and willows and in the simpler flowers of maples and elms?

Professor Rogers seeks in this volume, and with commendable success, to call the attention of the layman to the great variety and delicacy of structure which may be found in the flowers of our common trees if we would only take the time to examine them more closely. They are the "forgotten" flowers of the plant world. The author makes no claim of contributing to our scientific knowledge of forest, park, and street trees. He frankly points out that the value of his book lies almost exclusively in presenting portraitures—photographs and silhouette drawings from nature.

The selection of trees for planting in our streets and parks will probably not be modified by this greater acquaintance with the structure of the inconspicuous flowers of our common species. Such selection is based more on the shape of the crown and on the lasting luxuriance and color of the foliage, rather than on the flowers which last for only a short part of the season. Nor is it to be expected that such trees will be planted for their flowers alone. If we want flowers, we will naturally select plants which bloom more colorfully and more conspicuously for a much greater part of the vegetative season, although in the southern part of our country some trees and particularly shrubs may properly be used for that purpose.

Most of the photographs in this book are very lifelike and stand out sharply in all of their detail. A few of the halftones, however, probably because of handling the flowers preliminary to photographing and the high degree of magnification used—in some cases twenty to thirty times their original size—show considerable loss in detail and sharpness.

In striking contrast to the pictures of the flowers, are the silhouette drawings of trees in winter, where nothing is left but the stark skeletons. Yet it would be difficult to say what part of the book will leave a more lasting impression upon the reader. The 240 pages of illustrations in the volume are equally divided between half-tones of flowers and silhouette drawings of trees in winter condition. The text consists of little more than descriptions accompanying the half-tones and the drawings. The book could, therefore, have been named with equal propriety, "Winter Characteristics of Trees in Forest, Park, and Street."

Of trees in blossom and those in winter condition, one is inclined to believe that the latter lend more life and color to the winter landscape than do trees in flower to the summer scene. What other vegetation enlivens the winter landscape more than the sharp outlines of the bare trunks and branches of deciduous trees or the somber greens of the pines, spruces, and firs especially when touched with snow?

The book should be of value to any nature lover, and very helpful in high schools in the teaching of botany. Even the trained forester, well versed in the life of forest trees, will find a great deal of delight and occasional aid in having this convenient reference book.

Raphael Zon is professor of forestry at the University of Minnesota and chairman of the forestry commission of the National Research Council.

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Genus Rhododendron

RHODODENDRONS AND AZALEAS: Their Origins, Cultivation and Development. By Clement Gray Bowers, New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $10.

Reviewed by NORMAN TAYLOR

OF many garden books it is permissible to be indifferent or tolerant or scathing. Of few it is possible to say that they are all that one hoped they might be, but Mr. Bowers's book is even more than this. The times were ripe for an authoritative book about his subject. This is, emphatically, that book.

Written for the intelligent public—it is no book for dabblers—the author has the sense to keep rhododendrons and azaleas horticulturally separate, well knowing that the botanical purists insist they all belong to the genus *Rhododendron.* The astonishing increase in species, varieties, and named forms is shown by the fact that no less than 2,000 forms are dealt with. Sir Joseph Hooker, who knew more about rhododendrons than anyone in his life-time, knew probably less than a fifth of these, and nothing at all about technical details of soil acidity, and many other aids to cultivation of which the author treats with singular lucidity.

As such books must be, it is based upon years of research and observation. But it wholly lacks the pedantic touch, and most of it can be read and used by any intelligent person—even by those to whom the jargon of the botanist is repellent. Purely systematic descriptions are, of course, written in the terminology of science, for accuracy can be secured in no other way. But even in this section of the book he has cut technicalities to a wise minimum.

Much more than half the book deals with the garden uses of these gorgeous shrubs, their soils, propagation, hardiness, breeding, diseases, and climatic preferences. And in the latter connection the author makes no bones of the fact—long known to the initiated—that for vast stretches of the United States rhododendrons are climatically impossible. They love coolness and moisture too much to thrive in the plains and prairies of America.

Adequately indexed, with a profusion of appendices for special purposes, this volume of 546 pages is by way of becoming a classic in its field. It would be a pleasure to record also one's appreciation of its illustrations. The black and white figures of corollas and modes of flower branching are admirable, but the twenty-eight full-page color plates, while very useful for purposes of identification, would have been tremendously improved by having some other background than the one chosen. One of the most valuable illustrative features of the book is the endpapers which comprise a colored map of the world showing the distribution of rhododendrons and azaleas. It is impossible in a brief review to notice the technical excellence of the work, its scholarship, and many things the author has done to make information readily available.

Norman Taylor is editor of "The Garden Dictionary," reviewed last week.

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Danes on the Prairies

TAKE ALL TO NEBRASKA. By Sophus Keith Winther. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARI SANDOZ

PETER GRIMSEN, a Danish immigrant, brings his somewhat reluctant wife, their five children, and all their belongings to the eastern Nebraska of 1898 to wrest a living and a life from the alien soil. Singularly, Peter seems to have missed the colonization literature that had flooded Europe for forty years, and even the glowing letters homeseeking wanderers write to entice their stay-at-home countrymen to their community, at least until the hot winds come or the old cow dies. In fact, Peter Grimsen seems to have come to Nebraska without making any inquiry about the soil or the climate, without plan, and without arrangment with anyone to meet him and his family.

The story of the Grimsens and their adjustment to the ways of life in the Middle-West is the usual comedy of errors of the foreign-language immigrant. It began typically with their arrival at six on a mid-winter morning in Weeping Willow, Nebraska, from Chicago by the roundabout way of St. Joseph, Missouri. Fortunately a generous countryman put his own children to sleep on the floor and took the newcomers in for the weeks Peter spent in his search for a farm. Finally, with three feather beds and three hundred and fifty dollars, just that much more than many others of their kind had, Peter and his family launched upon their first seven years of life as renters in eastern Nebraska.

Peter, as many before him, bought too high and was compelled to sell his produce for practically nothing. He made the almost inevitable mistakes of the new immigrant tenant farmer: rented a place without a good water supply, bought too few horses, was unprepared for the first winter, and fell into the hands of that most unprincipled wretch, the loan shark who preys upon his green and desperate countrymen. Through penury and overwork, Peter made strangers of his own sons, was even away visiting a neighboring widow when a new one was born.

This book purports to be the story of a frugal, hard-working family in an unfamiliar and unfriendly environment, yet Peter and his wife never take on more than momentary distinctness. It is the four boys that carry the story, not Peter and his wife or their kind. Where are the fine Sunday get-togethers, the picnics and dinners one familiar with Danish immigrants expects? To be sure there are dinners in the book, several of them, but there is no convincing gusto, no zest and no joy in them, any more than there is real drudgery in the work Peter drives himself and his sons to do. Only the children have actuality. In their wonder in the immigrant car, their first day in the American school, the night Hans spent with the pigs, the opening of the fistula on old Prince—it is only in such portions of the book that the story breaks through and becomes a thing of life.

Mari Sandoz is the author of "Old Jules," the biography of her father who was a Swiss immigrant in Nebraska.

The author of DR. MALLORY writes a dramatic new novel of a "microbe hunter"—

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Watch your order on the next issue of The Saturday Review which will be the SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER dated April 4th. It will have a special cover design in colors. The leading article will be by Francis Hackett, and the number will also contain "A Debt to Dickens" by Pearl S. Buck, an allegorical poem by Stephen Vincent Benét, and other excellent features. Bookstore Dept., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Through the Looking Glass

ON January 7th-10th and 21st-24th, 1929, the nearly 1500 lots that constituted the library of Jerome Kern were sold at auction in New York. They were superbly catalogued, as most of them deserved to be; the sale was nobly publicized and adroitly stage-managed; the quality of bookdom was present. Not even the stratosphere was the limit. Hundred-dollar bids were flung about like trinkgeld. Far downtown, of course, at Broad and Wall, there were equal evidences of dementia—they had become apparent in that quarter well before January 7th, and were to endure somewhat longer than January 24th. The Kern sale simply adhered to the formula of the times.

Seven years of varying degrees of leanness, like a scraggy streak of bacon, have intervened. In that interval several of the Kern lots have reappeared at public vendue. A schedule of these reappearances, reasonably complete, and extracted at tolerable pains from "American Book-Prices Current," is here appended for whatsoever instruction and entertainment such a statistical recital may be capable of providing. The arrangement is alphabetical—persons seeking to establish a trend by sorting the lots and ordering them chronologically may do so with scissors and paste, but, accept it from the compiler, the alphabetical sequence works just as well and proves just as much.

BROWNING (ELIZABETH BARRETT). Poems. London, 1844. First edition. Presentation copy to Wordsworth. Kern, $1100; February, 1930, $1150.

—— Aurora Leigh. London, 1859. Author's corrected proofs of the fourth edition. Inscribed by the Brownings. Kern, $825; April, 1935, $230.

—— AND BROWNING (ROBERT). Two Poems. London, 1854. First edition. Kern, $22.50; April, 1932, $18.

BROWNING (ROBERT). Aristophanes' Apology. London, 1875. First edition. Presentation copy, ALS inserted. Kern, $375; December, 1934, $35.

—— Dramatic Idylls, First and Second Series. London, 1879, 1880. First editions. Presentation copies. Kern, $370; April, 1935, $90.

CARLYLE (THOMAS). Thirty-five Unpublished Letters of Oliver Cromwell. (From Fraser's *Magazine for Town and Country.*) London, 1847. Original appearance. Presentation copy. Kern, $80; January, 1932, $10.

CARROLL (LEWIS—Rev. C. L. Dodgson). The Wonderland Postage-Stamp Case, and related items. Oxford, 1890-1893. First edition. Presentation copy. Kern, $250; December, 1932, $135.

CONRAD (JOSEPH). Under Western Eyes. Original manuscript. Kern, $7250; March, 1936, $2400.

—— One Day More. Original manuscript. Kern, $1200; March, 1936, $475.

DEFOE (DANIEL). A System of Magick. London, 1727. First edition. Kern, $70; February, 1931, $15.

DICKENS (CHARLES). David Copperfield. London, 1850. First edition. Presentation copy. Kern, $2000; January, 1934, $825.

—— The Cricket on the Hearth. London, 1858. First reading edition. Kern, $65; February, 1931, $37.50.

—— The Story of Little Dombey. London, 1858. First reading edition. Kern, $65; February, 1931, $27.50.

EMERSON (R. W.). Phi Beta Kappa Oration. Boston, 1838. Second edition. Presentation copy from Thomas Carlyle. Kern, $160; December, 1934, $42.50.

FIELDING (HENRY). The Fathers. London, 1778. First edition (without author's name on title-page). Kern, $75; January, 1932, $15.

GAY (JOHN). The Beggar's Opera. London, 1728. First edition. Kern, $250; April, 1932, $52.50.

GISSING (GEORGE). Workers in the Dawn. London, 1880. First edition. Kern, $850; January, 1934, $220.

—— The Nether World. London, 1889. First edition. Presentation copy. Kern, $450; January, 1935, $70.

—— Denzil Quarrier. London, 1892. First edition. ALS inserted. Kern, $65; January, 1935, $35.

—— The Odd Women. London, 1893. First edition. Presentation copy. Kern, $300; January, 1935, $85.

GOLDSMITH (OLIVER). The Citizen of the World. Dublin, 1762. First Dublin edition. Kern, $47.50; January, 1932, $19.

—— The Vicar of Wakefield. Salisbury, 1766. First edition. Inscribed "From the authour" not in Goldsmith's hand. Kern, $6600; November, 1931, $3900.

—— The Good Natur'd Man. Dublin, 1768. First Dublin edition. Kern, $35; January, 1932, $11.

LONGFELLOW (H. W.). The Golden Legend. Boston, 1851. First edition. Presentation copy. Kern, $200; November, 1931. $60.

PAYNE (JOHN HOWARD). Clari: An Opera. (With first appearance of "Home, Sweet Home.") London, 1823. First edition. Kern, $400; January, 1934, $250.

SHELLEY (P. B.). Zastrozzi. London, 1810. First edition. Kern, $1400; March, 1936, $250.

SPENCER (EDMUND). Colin Clouts Come Home Againe. London, 1595. First edition. Kern, $2300; April, 1930, $1700.

STEVENSON (R. L.). Treasure Island. London, 1883. First edition. Kern, $650; April, 1933, $90.

—— AND OSBOURNE (LLOYD). The Wrecker. New York, 1892. First American edition. Presentation copy inscribed by Osbourne. Kern, $145; April, 1934, $25.

SWINBURNE (A. C.). The Tale of Balen. London, 1896. First edition. Presentation copy, ALS inserted. Kern, $60; April, 1934, $25.

TENNYSON (ALFRED). Tiresias and Other Poems. London, 1885. First edition. Presentation copy. Kern, $375; January, 1934, $110.

THACKERAY (W. M.). The History of Pendennis. London, 1848-50. First edition, original parts. Kern, $425; February, 1934, $215.

Life in Germany Today

CULTURE UNDER HITLER By Dorothy Thompson

LABOR UNDER HITLER By Norman Thomas

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 104)

NORDHOFF AND HALL: "THE HURRICANE."

This puts me on the defensive. On such crumbs of land man seems so helpless, so hopelessly microscopically small. Tropical jungles are bad enough, but Nature typified by such an ocean—it is too powerful. It numbs the imagination.

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The New Books

Biography

GENERAL GREELY. By General William Mitchell. Putnam. 1936. $2.50.

Time has written no more dramatic chapter in the annals of Arctic adventure than the tragic record of the Greely expedition. Any life of its leader, despite his participation in the Civil War and his varied and active service in the United States Weather Bureau and Signal Corps, finds its center of interest in that fearful few years between the landing of an expedition of twenty-five men in Greenland in 1881 and the rescue of the seven survivors in 1884 when their pass had become so sore that another forty-eight hours would have left no one alive to tell the tale of their sufferings. General Mitchell rightly gives over the largest portion of his book to an account of the Cape Sabine Gehenna, and though he tells his tale in pedestrian style nevertheless by virtue of the intrinsic interest of his material his narrative becomes absorbing reading. As a whole, the book is a more or less routine biography of the old-fashioned type which puts stress on incident and pays little attention to psychological subtleties. Greely was a man of scientific attainments and high ability who for a period of his life took on heroic stature. His career deserves commemoration and gets it here in accurate if quite undistinguished fashion.

A. L.

THE TRAGEDY OF NIJINSKY. By Anatole Bourman and D. Lyman. McGraw-Hill. 1936. $3.

This is a touching and interesting book and must rank with Karsavina's "Theatre Street" and Romola Nijinsky's life of her husband. But unlike the former, it is badly written, and unlike the latter, it tells us little about Nijinsky.

What it does do, in the words of a small-town sob-sister, is to give the simple reminiscences of a time long past when the "author" remembers the "best friend" of his boyhood. The "author" is Anatole Bourman, in his day an excellent dancer, and now a fine teacher of the dance. The friend was Vaslav Nijinsky. They were constant companions during the formative period of their lives, in the wonderful atmosphere of the Imperial Ballet School. Romola Nijinsky's reconstruction of this period is far less detailed than Bourman's, but not less vivid. Although she could have known little about her husband's adolescence, she understood his gifts and his creation far more profoundly than his worshipful friend. There is not one single description in the Bourman-Lyman work which adds to a comprehension of the great dancer's technique, style, manner, or quality. However prejudiced Romola Nijinsky may have been, in her memoir both Nijinsky and Diaghilev existed in more than one dimension: the boy as a kind of infantile saint and genius;—the impresario as an impending threat.

With Bourman and Lyman, Nijinsky is a kind of Rover ballet-boy, and his enemies are all villainous Dan Baxters in Russian fancy-dress. Bourman hesitated unquestionably to write what he perhaps alone knows about Nijinsky's adolescence and sexual life. As a document upon genius this would have been invaluable, particularly in the light of Nijinsky's subsequent insanity. But one can imagine how difficult it must have been for a shy Russian brought up before the war to transmit these intimate (and yet no longer private) details to a lady-reporter. So another chance has been lost, and perhaps it is only natural. Lacking Boswell or Eckermann, complete biography is impossible. The partial testimony of a friend, such as Bourman, or at least this

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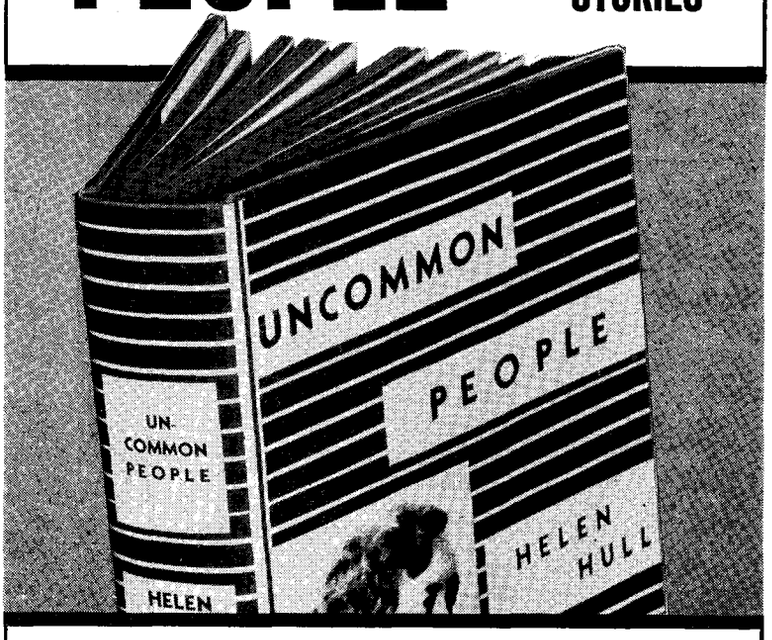

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COWARD-McCANN

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friend's unassailable love and good-will, shine out through a welter of bathos and Sunday-supplement gush. There are innumerable places where facts are stated and persons quoted which must arouse the gravest question. One cannot doubt Bourman's honesty, but one must his memory and his taste. His description of Diaghilev's rehearsal of the unproduced "Liturgie" is a case in point. He didn't realize Diaghilev knew quite well what he was doing in attempting to reconstruct theatrically the style of the ikons. Bourman took it all as insane sacrilege. Innocent, sweet-tempered, kind, and lovable as may be, it is sad that the boyhood friend of Nijinsky could have built only a memorial of innocence, kindness, and affection—never once the incisive phrase, or the illuminating, unassailable reality.

L. K.

Fiction

FIRES IN MAY. By Ruth Feiner. Lippincott. 1936. $2.50.

With considerable skill Miss Feiner has told the story of a German girl whose brother accidentally killed a Nazi; and who had, therefore, to flee Germany, even as her brother did. With an objectivity more effective than any display of feeling for her heroine could be, the author has traced the curious but depressing adventures of Vera Hansen in the stifling Pottle household, her miserable love affair that was to upset her whole life,—and her Parisian way out of it.

"Fires in May" is a good story. Aside from that, it is interesting in that it shows the English as they appear to a German girl suddenly and unexpectedly thrust into their midst. Like her heroine, Ruth Feiner is a German; and like her, she found England a better place, a healthier place, than the land of Hitler. That Miss Feiner could show so much of her own impressions of England and the English, without growing sentimental or bitter, is greatly to her credit.

S. A. N.

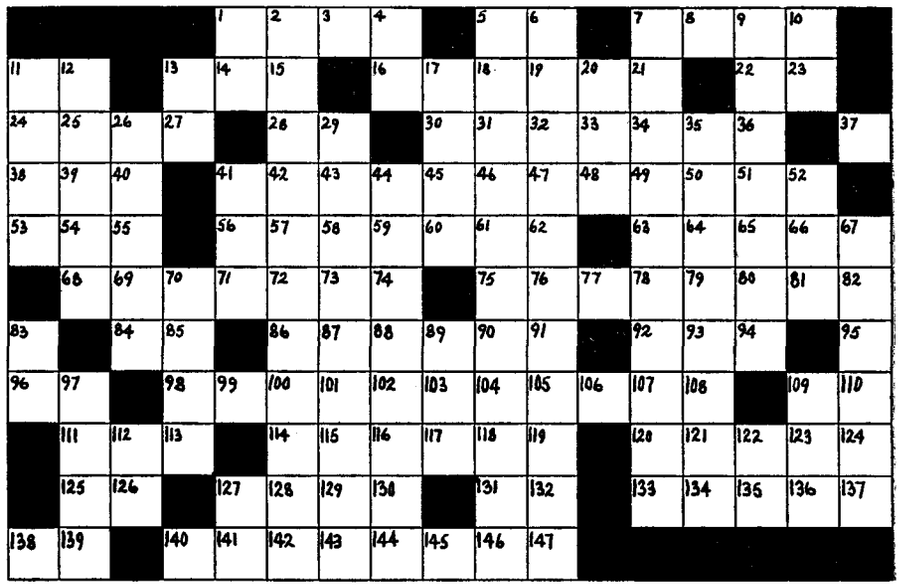
THE WAR OF 1938. By S. Fowler Wright. Putnams. 1936. $2.50.

To this reviewer the remarkably talented romancer, Fowler Wright, who startled and waylaid the American reader with "The Deluge," and gave one originally somewhat the same sensation as did the earlier Wells when he first captured our attention with his romances of the future of the world—to this reviewer Mr. Wright has never quite duplicated his first success. "The War of 1938" seems a bit labored and a bit disappointing. As prophecy it does not altogether impress. As a good "yarn" it frequently holds one's close attention. The war of a day in which a dominating Germany imperils the future of European civilization is certainly a timely assumption, and the description of the coming of the war with all the ministerial activities back of the scenes carries some conviction. Nevertheless, we must set this down as a minor novel of its kind. Graphically written, it still does not seem more significant than a romance. It furnishes a good deal of excitement but that is the most that can be said.

W. R. B.

Double-Crostics: No. 105

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Mythological monster.

II. One of the Three Musketeers.

III. Diversity.

IV. Book of the Old Testament.

V. Supple.

VI. Different.

VII. Ancient city.

VIII. Small reef.

IX. To counsel urgently.

X. Author of "The Road to Xanadu."

XI. Elder daughter of Laban.

XII. Frozen.

XIII. Brief satire.

XIV. Sycophant.

XV. Unit of electrical resistance.

XVI. Repulsive.

XVII. A Thackeray character.

XVIII. Muse of Comedy.

XIX. A worker of taste and skill.

XX. Opera by Gilbert and Sullivan.

XXI. Existing in name only.

XXII. Peculiar.

XXIII. To enchain.

XXIV. Smallest.

XXV. Hebrew prophet.

XXVI. Book by Virginia Woolf.

XXVII. Before.

WORDS

112 11 94 115 52

135 13 24 109 85

26 49 21 103 134 123 74

76 35 140 66 47 90 7

60 106 83 68 97

43 78 96 15 117

144 125 102 40 14 53 108 31

10 147 62

36 141 130 45 79 137

99 57 22 142 77

61 87 70 105

84 48 27 91

126 120 128 65 41

92 39 1 107 67 58

8 133 127

121 46 33 139

54 124 5 129 9 16 23

95 38 131 51 116 17

59 30 19 118 104 72

145 93 50 63 82 12 73 113

4 29 56 42 86 32 64

100 55 89

98 3 28 18 88 143

44 81 111 37 136 69 132 119

34 114 25 122 80 2

110 71 101 146 138

20 75 6

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PERSONALS

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HELP! MAN OVERBOARD! Authentic writer seeking material: Tragic accident leaves me penniless in South America. I wish to return to my wonted civilization. Forty years of rich varied experience at your disposal. Not exactly a Trader Horn, but different and in some respects better material. $500 traveling expenses and $100 monthly for 6 months buys full-time collaboration in churning dramatic experience into book. I ask one-fourth interest in royalties after the first $1,000. Stranded. Inquire Manager this department.

JUDY ANN is drowning because she is old fashioned and thirtyish. Is there some strong, fortyish, Manhattanite who is willing to rescue her?

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE always interesting Bulletin of the Grosvenor Library in Buffalo has reprinted the violent and little known piece Rudyard Kipling wrote about that city in his *American Notes* (a pirated issue in 1891). Buffalo's drinking habits, journalistic ethics, and method of playing polo, were the objects of R. K.'s indignation. ☞The Mermaids of Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, report that in Southern Calif "the weather is absolutely divine." They are celebrating the 100th anniversary of the first appearance of *The Pickwick Papers* (March 31st) with a radio talk by Mr. Thomas Hatton, the famous Dickens bibliographer who has just arrived in L. A. *via* Panama Canal. ☞April marks the 10th anniversary of the bookstore of Harry Hartman in Seattle. This is one of the shops we are most anxious to visit; the skill and wisdom of Mr. Hartman (whose blindness has not prevented him from knowing more about books than most of us) have become famous in The Trade. ☞*The Sandglass*, the occasional bulletin of the lively Heritage Press, 551 Fifth Ave., tells us that their new illustrated edition of Irving Stone's novel about Van Gogh, *Lust for Life*, was suggested by the most appropriate member of their staff, Lillian Lustig.

☞The Bodley Bookshop, 104 Fifth Ave., offers a collection of Early American Dime Novels at $1.50 each—"contemporary with Beadle's but more difficult to find," e.g. *The Beautiful Cigar Girl, or The Mysteries of Broadway*, by J. H. Ingraham. ☞Mr. Arthur Swann of the American Art Assn. shows us the advt. in the English *Book Dealers' Weekly* of Barry Ono, "Penny Dreadful Specialist," in Ferndale Road, Clapham S.W. 4 (London). ☞Ferndale Road is a good neighborhood for a classical bookseller, for adjoining it are Aristotle Road, Cato Road, Seneca Road and Salon Road. ☞Whenever he sees a London address that interests him, Old Inquisitive Q. at once turns to his *Bartholomew's Atlas of London & Suburbs* which adds great zest to all cockney reading. ☞We note that Bodley values a fine copy of an old McGuffey Reader (Cincinnati, 1843) at $12.50.

☞This office has received many letters commending the Double-Crostics (now beginning their third year) but none has pleased us more than this, from a fireman in a Middle Western hospital. It is dated *The Boilerhouse, March* 10:—

"I have worked the puzzles since they first appeared. I pick up my copy of the S. R. L., take it to the boiler house with me, and solve the puzzle that night. I am a fireman and stand the midnight watch, midnight to 8 a.m., seven nights a week. I start as soon as I have my more urgent duties squared away—fire cleaned, ashes out, inspections made, etc.—and by the time the next fire-cleaning is due, about 4, I usually have the puzzle solved and the magazine read from cover to cover. This, of course, in addition to the usual fire-room routine—watching the water and steam gauges, occasionally slicing the fire, keeping an eye on the auxiliaries, and seeing to it that my coffee can, on the feed-pump, is so placed that its contents are always at the proper temperature.

"Taking all into consideration, I figure that my average time for solving the puzzle is 1½ or 2 hours.

"In my opinion the puzzles are just about right. If they were made much harder, the time required would be more than a puzzle is worth. To make them easier would rob them of any challenge to the mind.

"The idea of using reference books to help solve the puzzles is new to me. I think it utter nonsense. Solving the puzzles should be an intellectual exercise and not a problem of elementary research. I am inclined to think your correspondents would save time if they used their heads more and their library less."

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
DOVE CREEK RODEO *Alden Stevens* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Hard-boiled and hilarious. Broncs, gals, brass knuckles are nothing new to the Utah Kid, but he maintains his amateur standing.	James M. Cain
VOLCANO *Cecil Roberts* (Appleton-Century: $2.50.)	Novel	Remember Insull? Well, this time it's an English gent who scrams with daughter to the Greeks. Up pops archaeologist, falls for filly; helps plenty and everything ends just ducky.	Insullated
ADAM AND EVELYN *Cosmo Hamilton* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Love story	Operatic canary turns the heat on her piano tickler. And believe me, friends, the guy, although no chump, plays the iceberg game to the hilt.	Andante

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